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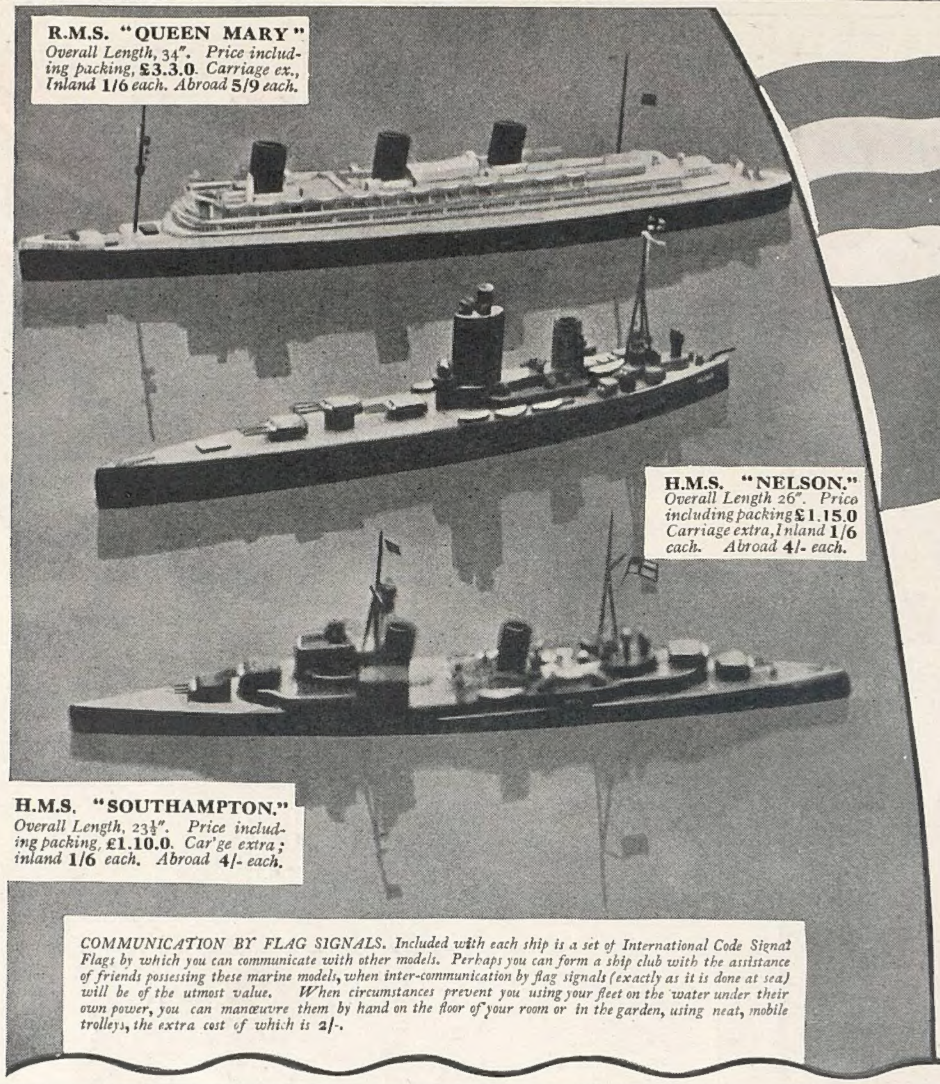

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The Sketch

No. 2326—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

MERLE OBERON
AS THE CRINOLINED LESLIE.

MISS MERLE OBERON'S *first picture in colour,* "THE DIVORCE OF LADY X.", *is being made at London Films' Denham Studios. The opening sequences of the film show the ballroom of a London hotel when a fancy-dress dance is in progress. The night is so foggy that the guests cannot get back to their homes and have to stay in the overcrowded hotel. From this situation many of the amusing complications in the romantic comedy arise.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

BANKS AND BRAES.

HAVING recently spent a week in Scotland, I should like (while the spell is still on me) to give you a few pen-pictures of that romantic country. There is a great deal of literature about Scotland, and I don't see why I shouldn't add to it. Not that I wish to compete with Mr. H. V. Morton in going In Search of Scotland, for, with the efficient help of the L.M.S., I found the place quite easily, and I don't quite understand what Mr. Morton's difficulty was: perhaps he had a sharp encounter with Bradshaw, which is always a foolhardy thing to do. No, I am not competing with the professionals; I will not quote a single line of Burns (knowing very few, and understanding still fewer), and I am resolved that throughout the length and breadth of this essay I will not describe anything as either braw or pawky. Just a simple, unpretentious pen-picture or so, with perhaps a dash of word-music when necessary. There is something about bonnie Scotland—no, let 's try something more original than that — yes, Caledonia, that 's the word I have been looking for, the word that gives a touch of local colour! There is something about Caledonia, I say, which prompts men to pen-pictures and word-music and thumb-nail sketches. This fact has undoubtedly caused much suffering in Scotland, but if a country *will* be so deliberately picturesque, what can it expect ?

"THE BUSINESS WAS FOUNDED BY MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

The moment you cross the border, you are in a different world. The landscape has entirely changed. Wherever you look there are banks and braes. As far as the eye can see, sporrans, pibrochs, and bannocks lend a wild and primitive beauty to the vista. Claymores leap out from under the gowans and gambol in the burns. It is a magnificent spectacle, unparalleled in the British Isles. I am sure it is, and I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation of it; nor is that appreciation diminished in the least by the fact that I was asleep when passing through this luxuriant display of natural beauty. The Scottish landscape, as seen from an L.M.S. sleeper—which I do not hesitate to say is the most intelligently-designed sleeper in the world—is, in my opinion, absolutely unexcelled.

The fishing will not gain by any poor words of praise which I can give it. It is celebrated throughout the world, and I defy Norway itself to produce any finer sport than abounds in Scottish waters. A man standing up to his thighs in water and fishing all day for a salmon which regards the bait with contemptuous indifference is, in my view, a man truly in communion with nature. It gave me a thrill to feel that at any moment I might have gone out and brought home fish which the Editor would have been proud to feature on our " When I was Last a-Fishing " page. Unfortunately, however, I do not fish. One cannot do everything, and in a country so rich in sports, it seems to me best to choose between fishing and shooting. Need I say anything about the shooting? Need I dwell upon the exhilaration of a wind-swept, heather-clad moor, the joy of a neat, deadly right-and-left, the incomparable relish of a wing of chicken and a bottle of brown ale on the purple uplands? Is there any sensation more sweet than that of crawling all day on one's chest (upper or lower) through peaty morasses in pursuit of that remarkably agile animal, the stag, or of drinking, in the national beverage, pure and undiluted (and it needs to be, on such occasions), the immemorial toast of " Health to men and death to stags " ? Need I, I ask again, dwell upon the intoxications which, if you will not misunderstand me, only Scotland can give ? I don't think I had better, because, unfortunately, I had to leave before the Twelfth.

Of all beautiful prospects in Scotland, perhaps the most famous is the Trossachs, of which, as I need hardly remind you, the pride and gem is Loch Katrine. I have heard so much about the Trossachs that I can never think of them without a certain emotion. There are few spectacles in the British Isles which so powerfully impart the Wordsworthian mood, and, for myself, as I gazed enthralled on their rugged expanses, their nestling, silvery lochs, and their majestic array of pink, purple, and scarlet charabancs, I could well imagine myself saying: " Here, if anywhere, is untamed nature! " Unfortunately, however, on the afternoon when I visited the Trossachs, I could not gaze on them with admiration or with anything else, as they were entirely hidden from view in sheets of rain. But I do not doubt that the Trossachs were there somewhere, and that they were all that is claimed for them.

Those who do not fish or shoot, or who do not wish to admire the rugged cleughs and craggy clachans, or to do water-colours of heathery slopes for Christmas presents for their less esteemed relatives, can always walk. In the district where I was staying I could have walked twenty miles a day in any direction over superb country, thus combining healthful exercise with inspiring nature-study. Unfortunately, however, I do not care for walking. It gives me blisters.

You may be asking yourself what I *did* see of Scotland? Believe me, I saw a great deal. I saw eighteen putting-greens — I saw them every day, twice a day — but I did not see them until I had passed through much tribulation. I saw, traversed, and dug large chunks out of 6000 yards of Scottish turf—twice a day, every day, which makes nearly fifty miles in a week; and yet I said I did not care for walking! I hacked my way through acres of heather and bracken of a toughness which only Scotland can produce. And as I stood—twice a day, every day—on that third tee (called, I think, Hech o' Fashie, or some such forbidding name), and saw stretching before me an endless prospect of chasms, torrents, and precipices, I said to myself: " This, this is Scotland! This is what has made a nation of Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled! " As the poet so finely expresses it (though I promised not to quote him):

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnin' spite.

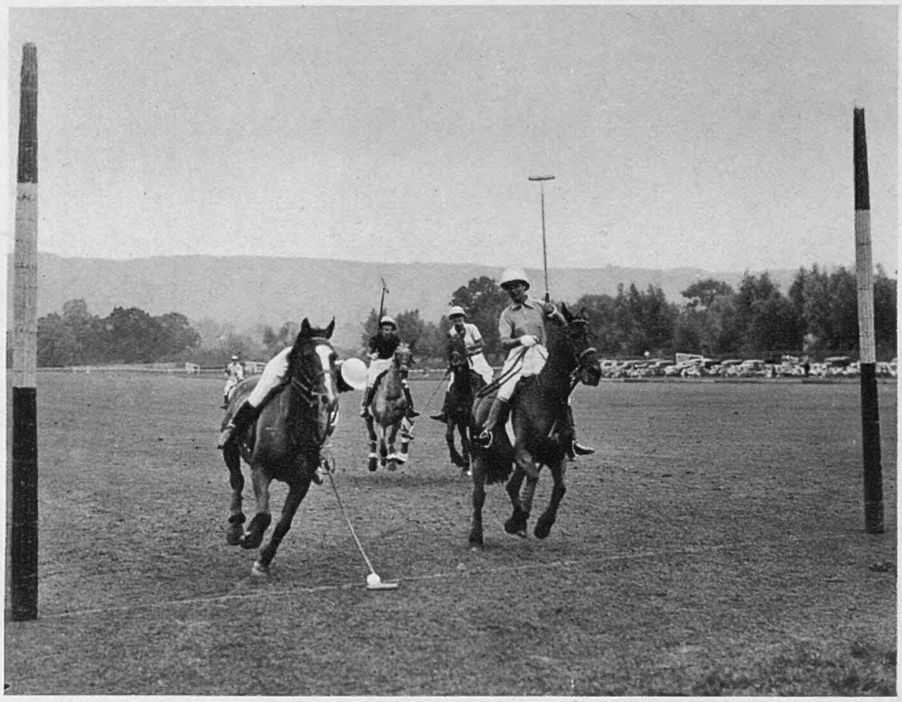
And if you know what all *that* is about, you 're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

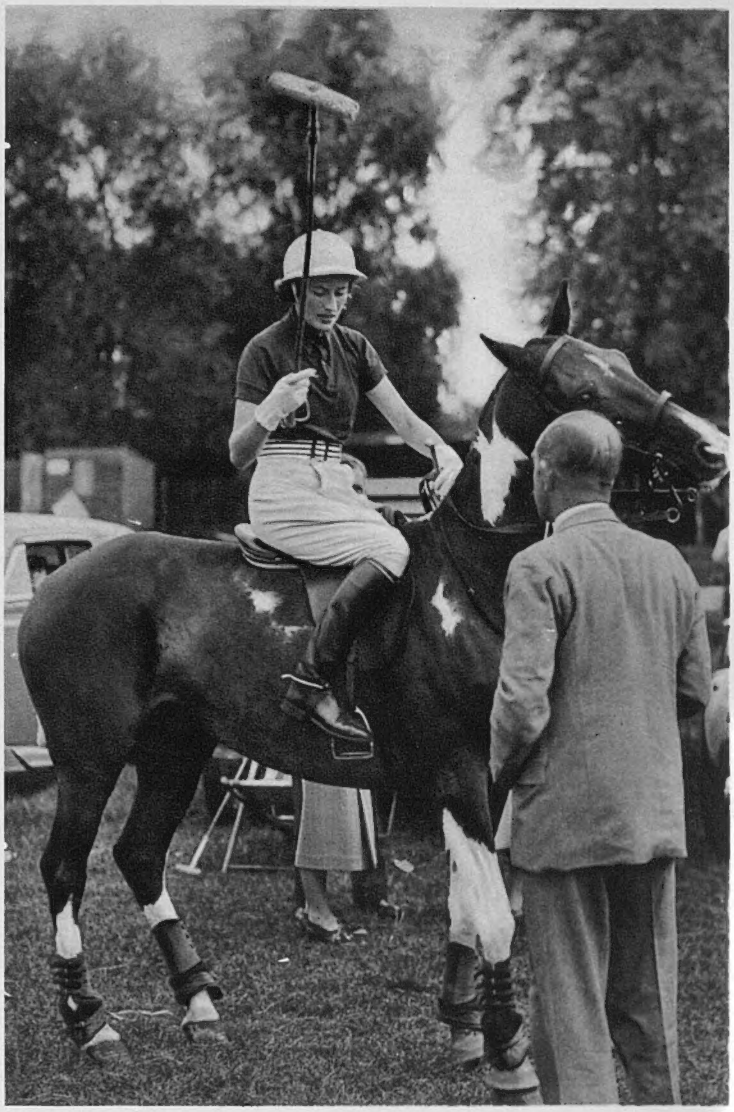
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

The large cocktail - party in the small flat.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

POLO GIRLS IN COMPETITION AT CHELTENHAM.





MISS DIANA BELL, *who played No. 1 for Ferne, is a most accomplished horsewoman, and has won many ladies' point-to-point races. She is the daughter of Mr. I. Bell, former Master of the South and West Wilts.*

The Ferne and Cheltenham Ladies' Polo teams met at the Cheltenham Polo Club's annual tournament at Prestbury Park, Cheltenham, and Cheltenham won by five goals to three. MRS. HEBER PERCY *is seen scoring a goal for Cheltenham, in spite of a good effort to save it by one of the Ferne team.*

MR. HEBER PERCY, *Joint-Master of the Cotswold, is seen chatting to* MRS. PERCY, *who was the No. 1 for Cheltenham.*

MISS DIANA BELL, MISS NELL CAMPBELL *(who played No. 2 for Ferne),* COLONEL BROWNLOW, *and* MISS LYSLEY *are the quartet in our group (l. to r.).*

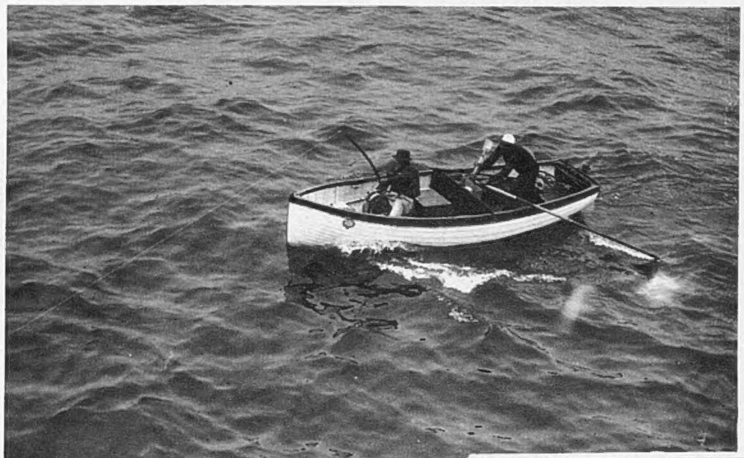
PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

A CHARMING FRIEND OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MME. (LOELIA) RALLI, *charming, intelligent, and well-dressed Parisienne, is an old friend of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, whom she knew in Paris before her marriage to H.R.H. the Duke. Recently she had the honour of staying in London at the Duchess's London residence in Belgrave Square, and went to a number of parties at the end of the season.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

IN 1933 Lord Desborough's announcement that there were huchen in the Thames at Abingdon caused quite a stir. Interest soon died down, however, when no one was able to catch one of these fish, and since then most people have forgotten their existence. At the Tournament of the British Casting Association at Ranelagh, I met Mr. E. M. Trinks, who, with Mr. Howard Back, first discovered the huchen at Abingdon. He told me that he had actually seen two very large huchen within a distance of five or six feet, and one of them he estimated to weigh nearly 40 lb. He has in his possession smaller specimens up to about 7 lb., which have been preserved. Mr. Trinks intends to present one of these to the Natural History Museum if he cannot secure one of the big huchen. In his opinion the huchen have changed their habits and, instead of being active, vigorous fish as they are in their natural habitat in the Danube, they have become bottom-feeders and behave more like carp than salmon.



COLONEL E. T. PEEL, *one of the best-known tunny-anglers who make Scarborough their base, is playing one of the first fish of the season. He has a tunny on his line, and is being towed away from the yacht's side off the Dogger Bank. His Egyptian boatman, Ali, can be seen keeping the boat's head forward as the tunny pulls.*

Dazing Fish by Electricity. As efforts to catch these huchen on rod and line have been so disappointing, Mr. Trinks is considering the employment of other means. He thinks that the method practised on the Continent of bringing fish to the surface by charging the water with electricity would be more effective than netting, and he hopes later on to obtain Lord Desborough's co-operation in carrying out an experiment. Mr. Trinks said that it is a remarkable sight to watch while the electrical method is being operated. Fish of all kinds and sizes rise to the surface and are easily lifted out by hand-net. Although too strong a shock will kill fish, there is no difficulty in regulating the electrical discharge so that the fish are merely dazed and come to the surface for a minute or so, after which they recover completely. One curious feature of the electrical method was mentioned by Mr. Trinks. He stated that fish such as eels, gudgeon, loach, etc., were the first to come to the surface, whereas fish generally considered more delicate, such as trout and grayling—particularly the latter—were the last to appear.

Trout in Anglesey. Tucked away in the Isle of Anglesey there are two lakes which, though barely mentioned in the guide-books, provide first-rate trout-fishing. One of these, Llyn Gerian, where large trout of 4 lb. and over are by no means uncommon, is a shallow and weeded lake. An angler's skill is tested to the utmost in persuading a fish to rise to his fly and in keeping the fish, when hooked, from burying itself in a bed of weeds. On the other lake, Llyn Llywenan, a trout fishery was started by Mr. A. W. Vining in 1924. After many years' absence Mr. Vining visited Holyhead again and fished Llyn Llywenan. He told me that he was pleasantly surprised to find that the fishing was as good as ever, with the trout averaging 1 lb. 10 oz. in weight. On Aug. 7 and 8 six anglers killed eleven trout, from 1 lb. to 2¼ lb. Some fish are caught in the afternoon, but the best rise is during the evening. William Hughes, who was Mr. Vining's gillie in 1924, is now in charge of the lake and can give excellent advice on the flies to use.

Tarpon Anglers Beware. Anglers in Florida may be fined 100 to 500 dollars or serve a six months' term in the Florida " chain gang " if they are found in possession of more than two tarpon, or offer to sell a tarpon. This new law, so I am informed by my friend, Mr. Thomas Aitken of New York, has been introduced to put a stop to the needless slaughter of these fish, which give magnificent sport but are practically useless for food. Not long ago 351 tarpon were killed in one day at Boca Grande and this wholesale destruction hastened the introduction of the new law, which is designed to compel anglers to liberate all but two of the tarpon they catch in one day, while not in any way restricting their sport. As the first law which has ever been passed to protect and conserve sea-fish from destruction by rod anglers, this Florida tarpon law, instigated by David Newell, president of the Florida Conservation Council, is of exceptional interest. There are no inedible game sea-fishes in our waters, so the likelihood of similar legislation here is extremely remote.

Three Years to Catch a Carp. For the past three years Major R. E. North has been trying to catch one of the big carp in a private lake at Holme Lacy, Hereford. Small fish could be enticed, but not until Aug. 3 was Major North successful in hooking and landing a really big one, 28 in. long and weighing 14½ lb. Major North sent me some scales from this carp and he informed me that it played well for 15 minutes but would have fought longer, no doubt, had it not been hooked in the throat. He had not expected this, as there had been numerous preliminary bites, which suggested that the fish was carefully sucking the succulent bait — a paste of bread, margarine and honey—and then putting it out again. Probably the approach of another fish ended this expectoratory period and the carp unwisely bolted his breakfast, with fatal results. The old belief that carp live to a great age still persists. Some years ago this 14½ lb. fish would have been reckoned certainly as fifty years old and probably nearer a century. The scales show that it was not more than fourteen, and possibly only twelve, years old.

After four days' tunny-fishing in the North Sea, Colonel E. T. Peel and his party caught five huge tunny. These are the first catches of the 1937 season. Our photograph shows COLONEL PATESON, COLONEL HENN, CAPTAIN O'HALLORAN, *and* COLONEL PEEL *(l. to r.), and some of the crew, on board Colonel Peel's yacht " St. George."*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

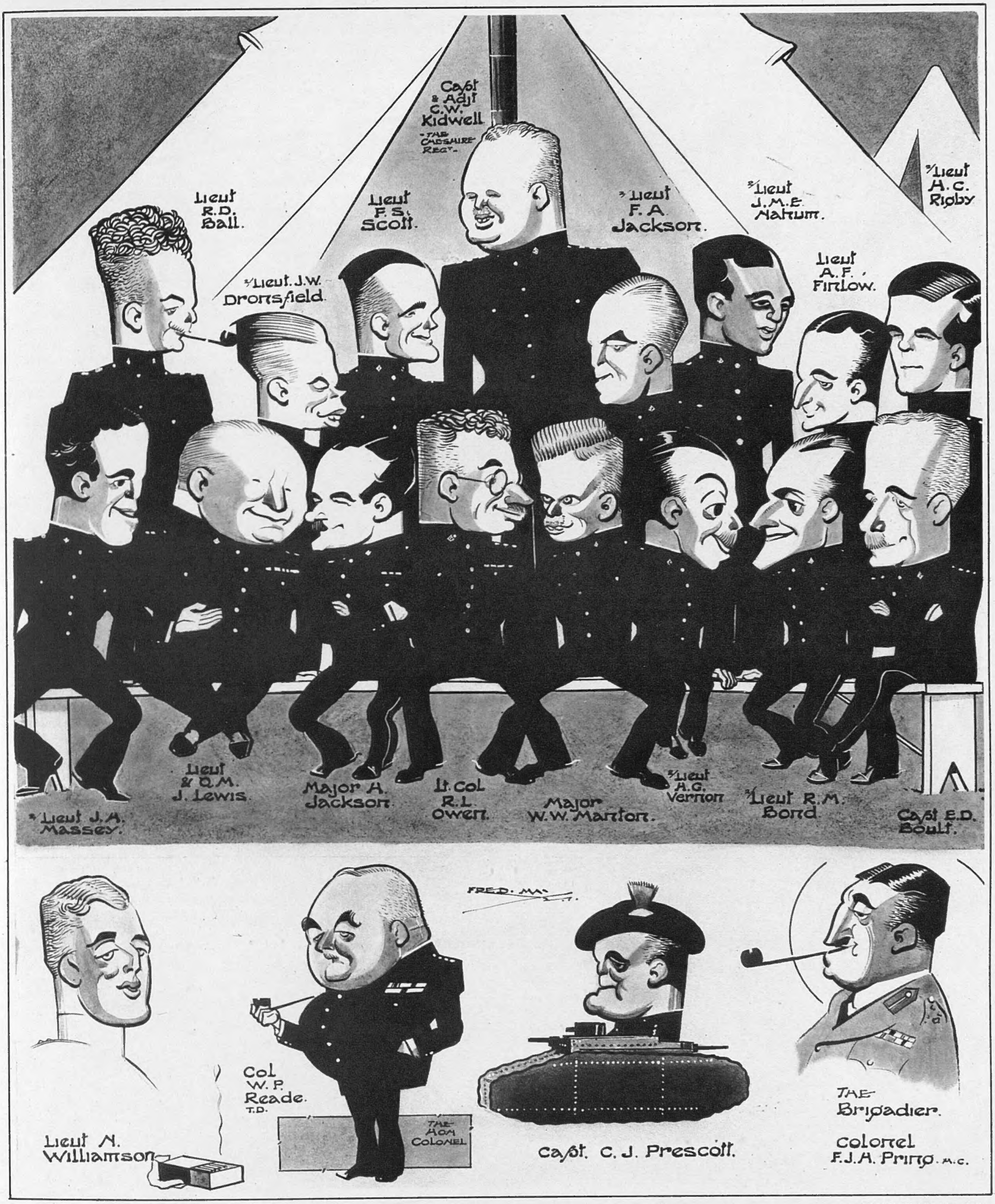
One of Colonel Peel's guests, Colonel Henn, chief of the Gloucestershire Constabulary, landed the first tunny this season. Five tunny, averaging 661 lb. in weight, were landed on Aug. 14 from Colonel Peel's yacht, the *St. George*. The tunny were caught about 80 miles off the coast.

A splendid tench of 6 lb. 0½ oz., caught in the river Glen, Lincolnshire, by Mr. Taylor, of Pinchbeck, was reported to have been returned to the water. It now appears that the tench was put into a keep-net and went through the bottom !

Mr. T. Tozer caught a 57-lb. angler fish off Dartmouth. Dabs weighing over 1 lb. apiece were found in its stomach when it was examined.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of " The Sketch " is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in " The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of " The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE SEVENTH CHESHIRES.

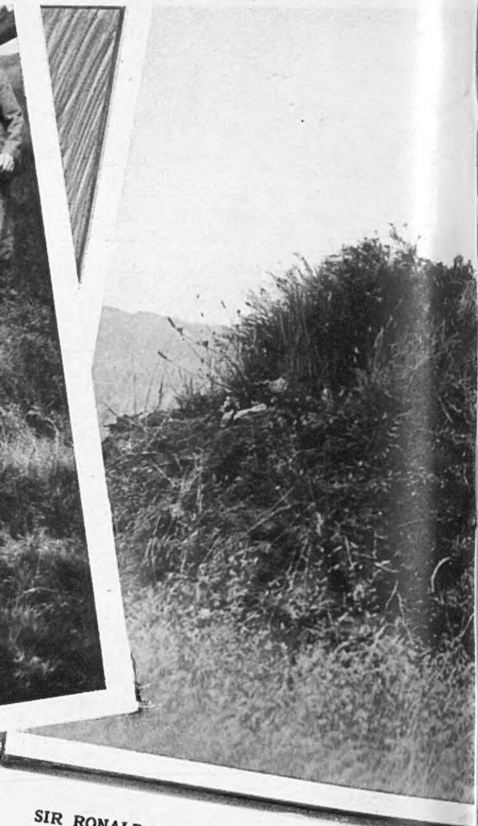
THE 7TH BATTALION THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT *began its career in 1859 and was formed from various companies in the area and known as the Cheshire Rifle Volunteers. Later it became the 5th Volunteer Battalion, and in 1908 received its present title of the 7th Cheshire Regiment. During the South African War it supplied a Service company, and in the Great War the Cheshires distinguished themselves chiefly in the Gallipoli and Palestine campaigns. They helped in the taking of Jerusalem and at both the battles of Gaza, receiving the name of Gaza as a battle honour on their colours. Brigadier-General Pring was in the Cheshires. Captain Prescott has just joined the Battalion from the Royal Tank Corps. Lieut. Williamson is well known for his " Magician's Match-Box Trick."*

NOTABLE PARTIES ON FAMOUS MOORS: WESTMORLAND,

Left:
LADY ILCHESTER and LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, came out to see the sport at the Shap Fell shoot.

Right:
This group of guns was taken on the Adralour moors above Pitlochry, and shows (l. to r.) MR. E. BOAKE, MR. A. E. BERRY, the host; CAPTAIN P. TICKLER, MRS. BERRY, MR. D. O. BERRY, COLONEL H. MACKENZIE, and MR. K. BUTTERS, son of Mr. Frank Butters, the trainer.

T.R.H. THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER were guests of Captain and Mrs. E. W. Brook at their Yorkshire shoot. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is seen second from left, and H.R.H. the Duke is the fourth from left. Captain W. E. Brook is one of the Duke's Extra Equerries.



SIR RONALD SINCLAIR, BT., of Dunbeath, was Aberdeenshire. LADY SINCLAIR, who was

DISTINGUISHED GUNS IN YORKSHIRE, AND SCOTLAND.

MISS ANN LOWTHER (daughter of Colonel "Tony" Lowther, of Askham Hall, Penrith) and MISS JEAN FAUDEL-PHILLIPS (eldest daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Faudel-Phillips) came out for the Lowthers' shoot over Shap Fell.

Lord Swinton has been having good sport on Pott Moor, Yorkshire. Our group shows (l. to r.) LADY SWINTON, VISCOUNTESS MONSELL, MRS. LLOYD GREAME, MURIEL LADY POWELL, MRS. WICKHAM-BOYNTON, LORD SWINTON, MR. HELY-HUTCHINSON, CAPTAIN T. L. DUGDALE, VISCOUNT MONSELL, *the* HON. JOHN CUNLIFFE-LISTER, CAPTAIN WICKHAM-BOYNTON, *and (kneeling in front) the* HON. PATRICIA EYRES-MONSELL, *the* HON. MRS. JOHN CUNLIFFE-LISTER, *and the* HON. PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER. *Lord Swinton is the Secretary of State for Air. The Hon. John and the Hon. Philip Cunliffe-Lister are his sons.*

a guest at Lord Belhaven and Stenton's shoot in Miss Reba Inglis, is watching him shoot.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, BT., *of Forres (who recently succeeded to the title), and a party of guests shot over the Logie Moors, Morayshire. He is seen with his sister and brother-in-law,* MRS. HECTOR LAING *and* MR. LAING.

PLAY-SUIT AND SHORTS: STYLES FROM THE SOUTH.

MRS. GERALD DONNER'S *beach suit is made with full shorts, and worn with a narrow belt. She is seen at Monte Carlo beach.*

MRS. PERCY MELVILLE, *formerly Miss Catriona MacLeod, is a daughter of Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost, one of the most popular lairds of the misty Isle of Skye. She wears a beach suit with a nautical cut at Eden Roc.*

MRS. DAVID HENDERSON *fancies a Chinese coolie hat with her beach ensemble of dark shorts and light blouse.*

MRS. JOHN TAYLOR *has been staying at her mother's Monte Carlo villa.*

LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN, *second sister of the Earl of Lovelace, has a simple printed frock for wear at Monte Carlo beach.*

MRS. ERIC DAVIES *is expert at water-ski-ing. She's also an expert at choosing becoming beach clothes.*

"FOR YOU ALONE"—THE NEW GRACE MOORE PICTURE.

"FOR YOU ALONE" is the title of the new Columbia picture at the Tivoli, starring GRACE MOORE, who takes the part of Louise Fuller, an Australian diva who wants to stay on in the U.S.A. to take part in a song festival and has to marry an American in order to do this. Here she is singing Schubert's "Serenade" at the festival.

Louise Fuller (GRACE MOORE) induces Jimmy Hudson (CARY GRANT) to become her husband for the price of 2000 dollars, so that she can obtain American citizenship. But, of course, Jimmy's not such an unwilling husband as he at first sounds, and love makes a real marriage of the political expedient.

Left: Louise Fuller, the operatic star played by GRACE MOORE, goes to Mexico to try and get an Australian quota number to prevent her deportation from the States. There she meets and marries an artist. She is admiring the pictures in his studio.

TALES WITH A STING.

"MR. BRUGLE CANNOT SEE YOU TO-DAY."

By GWENDOLINE PITKIN.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE shipping offices of Granleigh and Granleigh stood out from the others in Fenchurch Street, almost as if possessing a definite and menacing personality. Wide steps led to the entrance, which yawned like some dark, mysterious abyss.

Maitland Ash stopped at the top of those steps and looked back into the street. He might have been a prisoner gazing on freedom for the last time. There was dignity about Ash. His hair, greying at the temples, swept back from a fine, intellectual forehead. Forty.

He plunged into the shadows and came suddenly into the artificial light of the offices. A clerk at the inquiry desk eyed him. "I wish to see Mr. Brugle, the managing director," said Ash, a little too casually.

"Mr. Brugle?" The inflection was a rebuff. "Mr. Brugle never sees anyone without an appointment."

"Mr. Brugle is expecting me," said Ash with dignity.

"Then you have an appointment?"

"Will you please tell Mr. Brugle that Mr. Maitland Ash wishes to see him."

The clerk moved away. Other glances, from various desks, were raised in Ash's direction. He felt rather like an animal on show at the Zoo. He rested his elbow on the counter-like structure behind which the staff worked.

The clerk leaned towards him. Perhaps Ash only fancied there was a cynical smile on his face as he said: "Mr. Brugle cannot see you to-day."

It was so final that for a moment Ash was taken off his guard, so that he stammered:

"But—but when can he see me?"

"On Friday," said the clerk.

"What time?"

"Mr. Brugle is often free about eleven."

Ash stumbled out into the daylight. Four days! Waiting! Ash had waited longer than he cared to remember. Nearly a year had passed since the shipping company of which he was manager had failed and left him without hope of a position.

He went home. His wife greeted him, asked no questions, since she could read the answer to them in his eyes. She served a meagre supper, and said afterwards: "Don't worry, dear. The luck must turn."

His teeth were clenched as he said: "It hurts for *you*, Mary. I feel such a failure."

"After giving me everything for ten years, you dare to tell me that." She laughed, and hid her face against his shoulder so that he might not see the tears of pity for him in her eyes.

"I've tried every place in London," Ash went on in a far-away voice. "No one will see you. Courtesy!"

On Friday morning Ash dressed with feverish haste. He found his own nervousness almost agony; he fought for the spirit that once had enabled him to tell men to go to the devil rather than be obligated to them.

And he made the fatal mistake of travelling up to the City in his old train. Acquaintances got into his compartment and greeted him cheerily. Jovial, prosperous men; and that prosperity made Ash suddenly a stranger among them. Their voices came to him from the past; he could *feel* them thinking: "Poor old Ash. Tough luck, but . . ."

He looked out of the window. The same landscape slipping away; the same familiar signs, stations. And he was the same man. A bitter smile twisted his lips. Why delude himself? He was not the same man. Prosperity was like a seal; it distinguished those who achieved it in precisely the same way that failure branded them. It was a silent, but deadly process. Ash knew that it was the consciousness of this failure within a man's heart that kept him down.

He dropped out of the conversation after the first greetings were over. He heard the discussions. "Golf to-morrow afternoon? Bridge? . . . Going to Gatwick? . . . Saw Morgan yesterday; just pulled off a big deal."

Ash knew Morgan; he knew and understood the life about which they talked. Golf to-morrow! Once he had been a member of their club; he had beaten these men, raised their bets, stood them drinks. Now he sat in the corner, studying with pathetic interest, so obviously forced, a newspaper, not a word of which he actually read.

The clerk at the shipping offices remembered him. Perhaps the expression on Ash's face made him modulate his voice as he said: "Mr. Brugle isn't in yet. If you would care to wait."

"Thanks." Ash followed the man into a nearby room. He sat down and gazed unseeingly at an array of books, each one of which was a reminder of his vocation in life.

It was nearly an hour later when the clerk came to him. "I'm sorry," he said, "but Mr. Brugle has been called out. He won't be back until after lunch."

"Did you tell him I was waiting?"

"He was very busy." An awkward pause. "He will be back after lunch." Maitland Ash's tortured mind wanted to find relief in the cry: "Let him come back; I never shall," but sheer necessity forced the humiliation of: "I will have lunch and return later on."

Ash didn't have any lunch. Instead, he went and sat in St. Paul's Churchyard. He had often looked at others sitting there, staring . . . staring. . . . And pity had stirred in his heart. Now, he joined them. The hours passed. Mr. Brugle would be back from lunch. It transpired, however, that Mr. Brugle never returned from lunch before three o'clock, and Ash took up his position once more in the waiting-room.

At three-thirty, as he was getting up to make further inquiries, Ash saw Mr. Brugle come swinging into the building. Swiftly, he went towards him. "Mr. Brugle?"

And Mr. Brugle, his face like a red Canadian apple, said sharply: "Well?"

"I'm Maitland Ash. Miles Long told me to see you——"

"Yes, of course," Mr. Brugle was still walking towards the lift as he said condescendingly, "I'll give you a minute at five o'clock."

Ash walked slowly from the building. He wondered if Mr. Brugle had ever waited as he was waiting; if he would ever have to wait and be humiliated. Fat, prosperous Brugle, who brought into the building with him the odour of expensive cigars and excellent wine. Go back at five? Never! He'd starve first. Then he thought of Mary.

He went back at the appointed time.

But Mr. Brugle was in conference and could not possibly be disturbed. There was no other message.

The only coherent thought that filled Ash's brain as he walked along that evening was that he was worth more dead. Insurance. . . . That would soon expire unless he could find the premium. It would be enough to keep Mary for a considerable while—until she married *again!* Ash laughed. Somehow that laughter, the faces of the people, the face of Brugle became part of the strange sounds and pictures that were in his mind. Everything was like a photograph out of focus. Who was Brugle? Brugle? He represented the possibility of living again. But Brugle couldn't appreciate that.

It was this waiting—*waiting*—WAITING!

Maitland Ash plunged into the traffic.

Mr. Brugle sat down at his desk the following morning, clapped his fat hands, smiled, and said: "Good business, yesterday, Waters. I got the Miles Long contract last night. Which reminds me; when that fellow Ash or Asp, or whatever his name is, calls to-day, I'll see him. Long insisted that he was just the man to take over our new branch."

Waters, the secretary, said quietly:

"Mr. Ash was killed last night. It was in the papers this morning; some question of suicide."

Mr. Brugle said: "Better get through to Mr. Long and see if he can recommend any other man. . . . What did you say? And tell them downstairs that I'm not seeing anyone to-day."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

THE CHERUB AS A MASCOT FOR ONE AND FOR FOUR.

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT *is wearing a most original cherub brooch to clasp her velvet cloak. It has a lucky look about it, and should prove a mascot to its wearer in the coming Gielgud season at the Queen's Theatre, when she will appear as leading lady in four classic plays—" Richard II." (opening on September 6), " The Three Sisters," " The Merchant of Venice," and " The School for Scandal." The other members of Mr. John Gielgud's company in this new venture include Glen Byam Shaw, Leon Quartermaine, Dorothy Green, and George Howe.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS DODIE SMITH *(centre; here seen with Miss Ivy St. Helier [left] and Miss Anne Firth)*—FOR DEVOTING THREE PENCILS TO "BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" WHEN SHE USUALLY USES ONE-AND-A-HALF.

THESE POLICEMEN'S WIVES—FOR TREATING THEIR HUSBANDS AS BABIES AT WEMBLEY.

MISS DODIE SMITH confesses to having been extravagant when writing her new play "Bonnet Over the Windmill," due at the New Theatre on September 6. She writes in pencil, and uses a pencil-and-a-half per play; whereas "Bonnet Over the Windmill" has consumed three pencils, and has taken six months, as against six weeks for "Autumn Crocus."

WE all know that the POLICE CAN BE AS GENTLE AS CHILDREN, but it was unusual to see "Bobbies" taking milk from feeding-bottles at the hands of their wives, as competitors in a novelty race at the recent L.M.S. police sports at Wembley!

MISS GRACIE FIELDS gave "herself" a dress and did "her own" hair before her likeness went to Mme. Tussaud's.

MISS JUDITH ALLEN—FOR FINDING A FULL-BOTTOMED WIG THE THING TO WEAR WITH A BRIGHT-RED TAILORED SUIT.

MISS GRACIE FIELDS—FOR DRESSING THE HAIR OF HER WAXEN IMAGE.

JACKIE AND PETER *(Chimps of the Zoo)*—FOR MAKING A MILK BAR OF THE "NINETEENTH."

MISS JUDITH ALLEN caused a stir along the Hollywood Boulevard when she appeared in a red suit worn with the copy of a full-bottomed wig. She says it's a judicial solution of the problem of the coiffure and hat.

JACKIE AND PETER, the Zoo Chimps, are golfers, and so appreciate the importance of the "nineteenth" hole for "cowtails"!

ROBIN MAULE, aged twelve, and his sister ANNABEL, aged fourteen, had first nights on following evenings in London. On August 17 Annabel scored a success as Sheila in "Gertie Maude," at the St. Martin's, set in 1911; and on August 18 Robin made a hit as Nicholas in "Old Music," at the St. James's, set in 1853.

MASTER ROBIN AND MISS ANNABEL MAULE—FOR WINNING SUCCESS IN AN 1853 PLAY AND A 1911 ONE IN THE SAME WEEK.

A DAY'S YACHTING AT DEAUVILLE.

MISS FRANCES DAY, *the charming artist who has just been seen in "Floodlight," is spending a well-deserved holiday at Deauville on board the brigantine "The Lady of Avenel." She looks as if a nautical life agreed with her and is most becomingly dressed for the part in corduroy velvet trousers and a businesslike sweater. Business-like, also, is the way she goes up aloft in the rigging, as though to the manner born. "The Lady of Avenel" was built by H. S. Trethowan at Falmouth in 1874. She has been on an Arctic expedition, and has sailed twice round Cape Horn.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

A delightful holiday snapshot of MRS. AGNEW *and her children on the famous sands of Frinton-on-Sea.*

VISCOUNTESS MOORE, *daughter-in-law of the Earl of Drogheda, has been at Monte Carlo. Here she is with* MR. VINCENT PARAVICINI, *son of H.E. the Swiss Minister, at the Beach Casino.*

THE scattered state of society in August makes one's post-bag great fun, for so many people have had different ideas as to the best way of spending this month. The obvious business of going to Scotland hasn't satisfied all the admittedly sporting section of society and racing folk, and enthusiastic guns are among those who have wandered to sun-baked *plages* in France and Italy. Lady Zetland, for instance, has been on the Riviera with her youngest daughter, Lady Lavinia Dundas, but as the Ebor meeting takes place this week, I feel confident that by now they are at Aske for this delightful event, and will probably be joined by Lady Jean Dundas, who is the keenest racing member of the family. Other relatives who are likely to be present are Lord and Lady George Dundas, who usually stay with the Fitzwilliams at Wentworth-Woodhouse for the York meetings.

The summer gathering on the famous Knavesmire is one of the most delightful of the year. The flowers are usually at their best, and people have been away from each other just long enough to enjoy a county reunion again!

The Bingley family, parents and daughters (now nearly all married), are always at York, and so are the Duke of Norfolk's family, who have been staying at Everingham Park with Gwendolen, Duchess of Norfolk, who plans to be up there a good deal more than formerly now that the Duke is married. He is apparently not too exhausted by his work as Earl Marshal, for he is now standing for a county councillorship in Sussex.

. . . .

But to return to York, it is delightful that the Princess Royal is entertaining again for her "home meeting," and is having a party at Harewood House. Other gatherings include one at Sledmere, where the guests will be *chic*, intelligent and young, and the Swintons' rather more "grown-up" house-party.

. . . .

Carlisle was socially in the limelight last week, for there was quite a whirl of unaccustomed gaiety in Cumberland and Westmorland, including two balls, one at Naworth, in aid of the local funds for the Unionist Party, and another at Lazonby Hall, Penrith, given by Mrs. Gerald Ley to mark Mr. Gerald Ley's appointment as High Sheriff for Cumberland.

Mrs. Ley arranged to receive some three hundred guests at Lazonby (which was flood-lit for the occasion and had the gardens beautifully illuminated), and she must have looked well in her white picture frock and heirloom pearls. The house was decorated with lilies and red flowers, and big parties came from all over the countryside. Lady Carlisle, who lent Naworth for the "in-aid-of" dance on the following night, brought her débutante daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard, as well as Lady Irene Haig. The house-party at Naworth also included Lady Alexandra Egerton and her brother, Lord Wilton.

On the evening of the Naworth dance, Lady Carlisle wore a dress of her favourite black, and a fine tiara; while Lady Carolyn was in blue tulle with flame-coloured flowers at her waist.

. . . .

Autograph-hunting can now almost be classed as a blood-sport! I have seldom seen a more hard-bitten, determined and fierce-looking crowd than the star-fans, armed with fountain-pens, who assembled at the St. Martin's Theatre at the première of John van Druten's new 1911 play, "Gertie Maude." These hunters must have got a pretty big bag, for there were plenty of stage celebrities about, and a socialite or two, though some of these were careful to explain that they were only in London "for a day—between visits."

Miss Marie Tempest was the most decorative figure in the stalls, and looked in excellent health and spirits; so did Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose scarlet velvet wrap provided a nice bit of colour. Gladys Calthrop, who came with Noel Coward, had an exciting dress encrusted with gold embroidery in the form of epaulettes and round the neckline, and I saw Dodie Smith in a sort of red velvet Eton jacket; G.B. ("Peter") Stern, in slate blue with amusing slits at the back instead of a formal *décolletage*; Lord Poulett and his sister, Lady Bridgett, who had the best black evening tailor-made I have met this season; the Alec Waughs, and the Godfrey Winn.

. . . . .

On the following evening "everyone" who was in London turned up at the St. James's first night of "Old Music," Keith Winter's enthralling drama of Crimea and crinoline days. Miss Marie Tempest, with a pearl headdress, was in the stalls, Mr. Gordon Selfridge had his usual place in the front row; Noel Coward and Joyce Carey had a tremendous round of clapping when they arrived to sit near Anthony Asquith and Lady Colefax; and Lady Barker, sitting near her publisher son, Dodie Smith, and John van Druten (who was being congratulated on *his* first night) were all to be seen.

SIR IAN WALKER, BT. *(right), has been shooting over the Tulchan Moors, in Morayshire. He is out on the hill with* MR. ROBERT COBBOLD, *one of the best shots in the country, and* MRS. ROBERT COBBOLD.

MR. *and* MRS. O. V. WATNEY *were among Sir Ian Walker's guests at his recent shoot. Mr. Watney is the well-known racehorse owner. He is the only son of Lady Margaret Watney and married Miss Kersty Nelson, daughter of the late Capt. T. A. Nelson.*

. . . . .

From the Riviera I receive the following news. "Even the best of things," writes my correspondent, "and I certainly put bathing at Eden Roc in that category, pall a little at times; and after one has swum and dived to one's heart's content, and decided that Beatrice Lillie, who is staying there with her son, Sir Robert Peel, and Mary Ellis, are as alluring in broad daylight as they are when seen from a distance at night, one suddenly decides that a spot of culture would not come amiss, and the poster of the Napoleon Exhibition at Antibes seems to be just the thing for a change. It is held at the Musée Grimaldi, which overlooks the Mediterranean, and is indeed worth a visit for the view alone. The original building dates from the twelfth century, but of that, unfortunately, little remains. There are

various Napoleonic relics, some of them very interesting, but the things which quite won my heart were some delightful coloured engravings headed: 'Brevet de Douane; Grace et Décence,' showing a particularly stiff-looking officer dancing a solo before an admiring audience, chiefly female, attired in French Restoration costume!

"Besides these, there were various charters dating from earlier periods, and a banner given to the town of Antibes by that most delightful of monarchs, Henri IV."

. . . . . .

My Central European Spy writes: "Gee, girls and boys, this Salzburg has turned into an American colony within the last five days! All of a sudden, invasion from the U.S.A. started, and rapidly, for they never believe in going slowly; and at the moment of writing, 16,000 (or so!) Americans have filled up Salzburg to its last bathroom. Not a chair is to be had at the Café Bazaar, where everybody meets after lunch, and before and after the opera. It is the Roosevelt family that is held to be responsible for this mass immigration, for after Mama Roosevelt had left, Franklin Delano and his wife, the younger son and daughter-in-law of the President, arrived, and are still staying at one of the biggest hotels.

. . . .

"The greatest events of the past week were the première of 'Le Nozze di Figaro'; Mozart's great Mass in C minor at St. Peter's Church; and Verdi's Requiem, conducted by Toscanini at the Festspielhaus. Baron Franckenstein, who arrived here some days ago, having finished his cure at Badgastein, opened the new part of the foyer and unveiled a bust of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the distinguished Austrian poet who, in 1919, suggested and founded the Salzburg music festival. Franz von Hofmannsthal, his son, and Frau von Hofmannsthal (formerly Miss Alice Astor) came over for the day from their castle on Lake Atter, and brought Noel Coward, who was spending a few holiday weeks with them before his return to London. Noel went to see 'Figaro,' and must have enjoyed this lovely production. Austrian critics did not sound quite so enthusiastic as one might have expected. They complained that Salzburg, which is, after all, an Austrian town, should not take to producing the operas in Italian. But how can one criticise Bruno Walter for doing this? All the lovely and well-known arias sound much better, and even more melodious, when sung in the language in which they were written—and that is Italian!

"We all fell in love with Ezio Pinza's Figaro (he was Don Giovanni the night before, and gave a notable performance), and thought that Mariano Stabile, whom we had admired as Falstaff, made an admirable Count. And how these Italians can act! One can almost believe that they are really engaged in all that intrigue business, and they inspire their partners. We particularly liked Virgilio Lazzari, from the Scala di Milano, whose make-up as Dr. Bartolo is superb. Eszter Rethy, still not quite perfect as regards her Italian accent (her home is Budapest), was a charming Susanna; Jarmila Notvotna, from Prague, followed her success in 'Rosenkavalier' by a delightful performance as Cherubino; and Aulikki Rautawaara's loveliness makes one forget that her sweet voice is perhaps just a shade too small for that big house.

. . . . . .

"Mr. Somerset Maugham, who walks about in a dark-blue flannel coat and brown velvet breeches, with a purple tie of quite a Bohemian tinge, took Mrs. Winston Churchill to see 'Don Giovanni,' as well as to the Mozart Mass. Mrs. Churchill often wears a dark-blue dress dotted with white spots, which rather reminds me of one the Duchess of Windsor used to appear in—and very smart it is, too.

"Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Prime Minister and dictator in miniature, has been taking his annual holiday at Salzburg, and is to be seen walking round the town; and at some of the more important events. The other Sunday he was 'at-home' at the Archbishop's residence to all the celebrities and visitors at a big 'in-aid-of' tea, which was a thorough success.

. . . . .

"The ticket question has been very difficult this year, but those who have not succeeded in getting places for the festival performances, even when offering to pay twice or even three times the advertised price, were not quite left out in the cold. There has been plenty of amusement of different kinds. Dr. Furregg, the new manager of the Municipal Theatre, had the bright idea of reviving all the famous musical comedies that originally emanated from Vienna and have been heard all over the world. So we are able to see the best Viennese singers, dancers, and comedians in performances of 'The Merry Widow,' 'Die Goldene Meisterin,' 'Dreimädelhaus,' 'Wiener Blut,' and 'The Land of Smiles.'

. . . . .

"Some good dresses were to be seen at the 'Figaro' première, penultimate one of the season. Red sandals seemed to be the height of fashion, and to wear stockings is now apparently rather indecent, as we haven't seen a pair for ages!

"Evening dresses are beginning to look more and more like *plage* pyjamas, but some very grand models are also to be observed. Baroness Yvonne Rothschild had a dream of a green dress, and Princess Maria von Liechtenstein an equally good sombre one. The two Schaafgotsche Countesses wore white and blue; and Lotte Lehmann, in a light-blue frock, with a toque of violets, looked very pretty and young. Mrs. Roosevelt junior wore a *dirndl*—as she had found no time to change in the busy Salzburg round."

MARIEGOLD.

The English team met the U.S.A. side in the Wightman Cup match at Forest Hills last week. They are the MISSES MARGOT LUMB, MARY HARDWICK, KAY STAMMERS, JOAN INGRAM, *and* EVELYN DEARMAN *(l. to r.).*

MISS MARY SHEPARD, *only daughter of Mr. Ernest H. Shepard, the artist whose work is so well known to "Punch," and to "Sketch" readers, is engaged to Mr. E. V. Knox ("Evoe"), the editor of "Punch." She is an artist and her charming illustrations to "Mary Poppins" and other books have been much admired. Miss Shepard's great-grandfather, Ebenezer Landells, was one of the founders of "Punch."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

The marriage of MR. JOHN ANQUETIL NORMAN, R.H.A., *son of the late Major Anquetil Norman, to* MISS ELIZABETH CHANCE, *daughter of the late Sir Arthur Chance, was solemnised at Westminster Cathedral.*

EX-KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN *attended the marriage of his niece Princess Dolores of Bourbon-Orléans, daughter of the Infante Don Carlos, to Prince August Czartoryski. H.M. is kissing his baby granddaughter,* PILAR, *daughter of the Prince of the Asturias.*

PLAGE, RACE-COURSE, AND GALA-

LORD *and* LADY STAVORDALE *and* VISCOUNT FORBES *are the trio in our snapshot. Lord Stavordale (right) is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester, and Lord Forbes, who is a keen aviator, is the elder son of the Earl of Granard.*

MRS. "BENGY" GUINNESS, *the former Marchesa Strozzi, at a Deauville Gala with* M. ANDRÉ VAGLIANO. *The Vagliano brothers have done more for golf in France than any other amateurs. They were educated in England.*

SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH, BT., *and his daughter, the* COUNTESS OF DURHAM, *went to Deauville races together on a dull day and found backing winners rather difficult. They were among the large English contingent which flew over.*

LADY WORTHINGTON *wore an emerald-green jacket with a black dress at Deauville races, and looked exceedingly smart. Note the line of her trim little felt hat edged with ribbon.*

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *wife of Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of H.M. the King, is seen in one of the favourite patterned play-suits. She was Miss Edwina Ashley.*

NIGHT FASHIONS FROM DEAUVILLE.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *wore this delightful suit, patterned with a daisy design, on the beach at Deauville. She was Miss Rachel Wrey and married Lord Willoughby de Broke in 1933.*

The HON. MRS. VANDY BEATTY *went racing with* MRS. J. V. RANK, *wife of one of the foremost owners on the English turf. They attended the yearling sales at Cheri's, the Tattersalls of France. Mrs. Beatty is Lord Southampton's second daughter.*

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY, *formerly the Hon. Phyllis Astor, is Viscountess Astor's only daughter. Her marriage to Lord Willoughby de Eresby, elder son of the Earl of Ancaster, took place in 1933.*

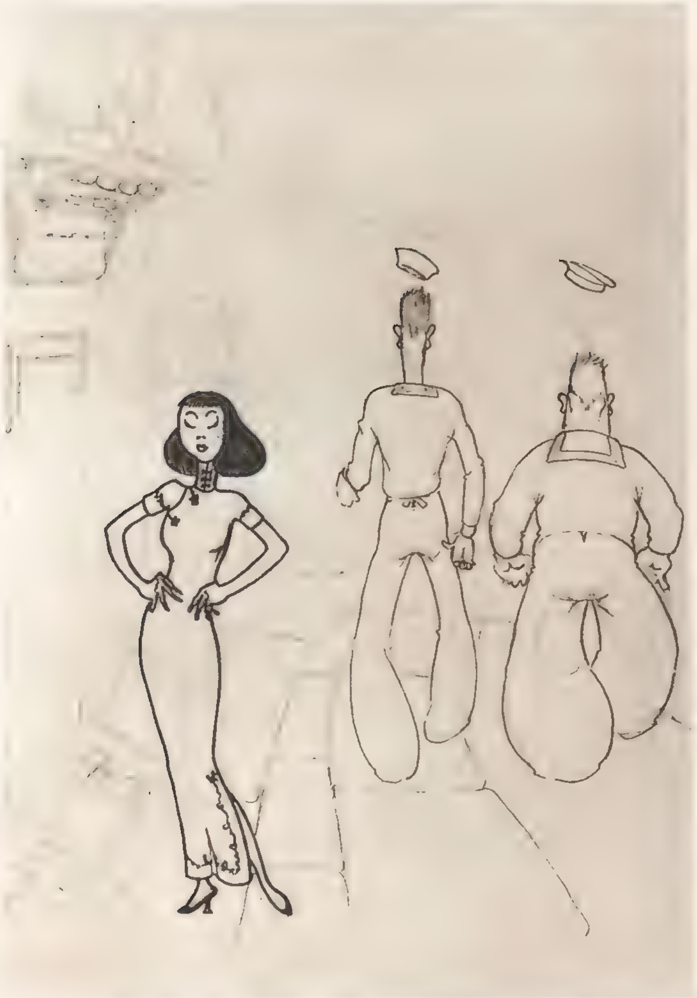
M. BICART-SEE, LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, *and* BARON KOENIGSWARTER *attended a Deauville Gala evening. Lady Brougham and Vaux was Miss Jean Follett and married Lord Brougham and Vaux as his second wife in 1935.*

The first autumnal suits made an appearance on a grey day at Deauville races. MRS. HARRIET HARRIMAN'S *was a lightweight malachite green tweed, and* MRS. A. MORRISON'S *was the colour of cloudy amber.*

CHINA IN THE NEWS— AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST.

" Every modern inconvenience."

" Birth of a Notion ; or, The Discovery of the Perforated Spinnaker."



" Yellow Peril."

" Conversation Piece ; or, Ask a Policeman."

DRAWN BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

VIOLIN IN THE "SING BAND."

MARY DEES, the young Paramount Studios singing actress, is the successor to the late Jean Harlow and was able to step in and finish the current uncompleted Harlow picture. In "Double or Nothing," the Crosby picture, she was a "violin" in the "Sing (all-vocal) Band" that accompanied Bing in one of his songs.

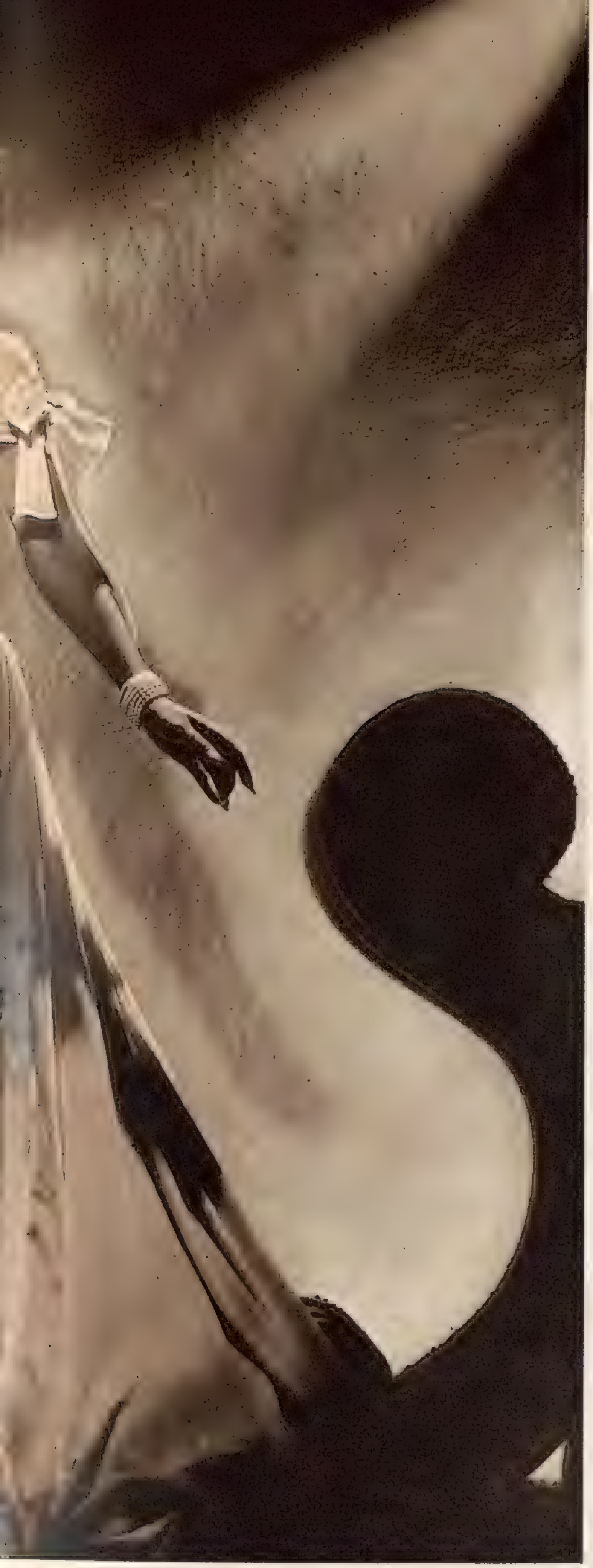
ANTHONY HOPE'S ORIGINAL RURITANIANS ON THE SCREEN:

RONALD COLMAN *plays King Rudolf and his English cousin à la main gauche, Rudolf Rassendyl, in the screen version of "The Prisoner of Zenda."*

MADELEINE CARROLL *is Princess Flavia in the Davi*

Anthony Hope's famous novel "THE PRISONER
"Ruritanian" tales, and was never equalled by
the screen with a very strong cast in the Dav
is the Princess Flavia, most romantic of all her
the spineless King and his audacious English
villain, Rupert of Hentzau, is played by DOUG
the story—how Rudolf Rassendyl, the young E
King, and, when Rupert of Hentzau kidnaps
gesture than the rightful mo

THE BIG THREE OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" IMMORTALS.



O. Selznick production of Anthony Hope's famous novel.

OF ZENDA" was the "onlie begetter" of a host of
ny of its lineal descendants. It is now coming to
O. Selznick production. MADELEINE CARROLL
nes, and RONALD COLMAN doubles the part of
"twin," who saves the Throne of Ruritania. The
S FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR. Everyone will remember
glish traveller, visits Ruritania, is mistaken for the
s Majesty, plays the royal part with a more regal
rch could ever have assumed.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, *is Rupert of Hentzau, the gay villain whose machinations are defeated by the courage and audacity of Rudolf Rassendyl.*

AIRMAN'S VIEW
OF THE DECK TENNIS TIRED GIRL.

ISABELLE ROLFE, a member of the Corps de Ballet, took a rest on the recreation roof of the Radio City Music Hall after a rigorous session of deck tennis. The camera artist found her a lovely subject made to his hand.

WEST-COUNTRY SOCIETY AT THE BATH MEETING.

LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT, *younger daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas, attended Bath Races. Lady Blanche's Erikson was second in the Brockham Selling Plate.*

Right: MISS FEARFIELD *and* MASTER J. M. FEARFIELD *were snapped in the paddock taking down the numbers of the runners.*

LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, *elder daughter of Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas, chatting to* MR. B. VAN CUTSEM. *Lady Rosemary is a niece of the Duke of Beaufort.*

MR. *and* MRS. FRANCIS BLACKWOOD *and* MRS. GIFFORD *are seen in earnest conversation at the meeting.*

MISS HAZEL PEPPER *looked well in the tiniest of skull-caps.*

LOTTE LEHMANN, *the famous prima donna, is well known to opera and concert-goers in London. This is a study of her on the balcony of her Salzburg house.*

MLLE. ALICE NIKITINA, MRS. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD, SIGNOR VINCENZO TOMASINI *and* COUNTESS CASTELBARCO *(daughter of Toscanini) are the quartet in the Mirabell Gardens.*

Left : MRS. VINCENT SHEEHAN.

Right : MISS JENNIFER FRY.

HERR MAX REINHARDT, *the famous producer, and his wife posed on the terrace of Leopoldskron, their home outside Salzburg.*

TOSCANINI, *the world-famous conductor, who is conducting festival performances again this year ; with* MME. ELEANORA MENDELSSOHN.

SALZBURG FESTIVAL PERSONALITY PARADE :

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

MR. COLE PORTER, *the American composer, looks happy, and cool, too. His béret, with a peak attached, is a good idea.*

LADY JULIET DUFF, *mother of Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Bt., is seen at lunch in the Café Bazaar with* MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *the distinguished author and playwright.*

FEODOR CHALIAPIN, *the great Russian bass operatic star, seated in the sunshine at Salzburg and looking very happy.*

The COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, *who attended the Festival this year, seen wearing a Tyrolean hat.*

GREAT ARTISTS AND NOTABLE VISITORS.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

UNDER THE BURGEE OF THE ROYAL CINQUE PORTS Y.C.

The ROYAL CINQUE PORTS YACHT CLUB REGATTA *took place last week. Here* MR. G. POUT *and* MISS S. FEAVER *are going aboard their craft.*

MRS. H. A. HARBY *is climbing on to the promenade at Dover before going aboard.* MR. HARBY *is on the left. Mr. T. B. Harby's "Dragon" won the event for Snipe Sharpies.*

Eagerness and concentration are depicted on the faces of these spectators. They are MRS. DALLAS BRETT *and* MRS. O. S. PRICE.

MISS MARJORIE DAVIE *looks the perfect picture of a yachtswoman as she balances on the railings by the esplanade.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S LADY-IN-WAITING ENGAGED.

LADY WINIFRED CECIL, *elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, and Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, is engaged to Lord Hotham, of Dalton Hall, Beverley. Lady Winifred is a sister of Lord Burghley, brother-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester. She is a very good musician, and has belonged to amateur operatic companies. Lord Hotham is the seventh Baron, and succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin in 1923.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"GERTIE MAUDE," Mr. John van Druten's new play at the St. Martin's Theatre, is about a chorus girl of 1911; that is to say, a tale of the days when the members of the West End chorus, still more "the show girls," were the observed of all observers. The musical-comedy stage had not been replaced by the film studio as a spring-board for the publicity, *liaisons*, and marriage which were the excitement and gossip of the town. Then the stage-door of Daly's or the Gaiety was the "mashers'" club of the time and every schoolboy collected picture postcards of the belles. Nowadays, of course, there are telephones and appointments need not be made by personal application (with bouquet) at side-entrances.

Perhaps the idea that life was a bit livelier then is absurd, but it appears to exist, and that is one reason why Mr. van Druten's play may strike the public as rather limp and pale. Would not Gertie Maude be something of a high-stepper or at least enliven the play with some of the racy chatter of the chorus dressing-room and the brighter back-chat of these goddesses *en route* from their humble origins in the Portobello Road to the matrimonial glories of Portman Square? It would be dramatically tactful to present her as a trifle vulgar, very voluble, and altogether a dear. But Gertie Maude in this case has very little to say for herself, and that little is said by Miss Carol Goodner with a curious resolve to keep everything as nice and quiet as possible.

The chorus girl has a lover by Debrett out of Feuilleton. When he deserts the little flat in Maida Vale to marry into his own station, she takes an overdose of sleeping tablets as quietly as if it were a chocolate, having most decently saved the gentleman from any worry or disgrace by first destroying all letters, tokens, gifts, and signs of intimacy. This shows a very nice spirit on the part of Gertie Maude, and the noble courtesan is always a popular figure on the stage. But Mr. van Druten is far too scrupulous an artist to exploit the treacly possibilities of the noble courtesan; where others would cry, "This is the stuff!" and wallow in it, he dips but a finger in the treacle and turns austerely away.

So we, a little unimpressed by the life and death of Gertie Maude, turn with him. Fortunately, there are other characters and they are well drawn and well performed. Gertie's father is an old dear, and Mr. Sebastian Smith wisely does not permit him to be too much so. Then she has a young pursuer of her own class, at once smug and lecherous; for this not very nice young man Mr. Griffith Jones has a capital performance. There are scenes in a servants' hall, where Miss Joan Swinstead, as the soured spinster, and Miss Jill Esmond, as the nice, respectable nursemaid, strike one as absolutely true. Miss Annabel Maule, as a bright little daughter of the servants' employers, got on one note and on my nerves. Chivalry demands, apparently, that every child actress should be hailed as a genius, but I think a greater kindness is to point out faults as well as merits. Miss Maule has abundant self-possession, but she must learn to vary her voice.

"GERTIE MAUDE," *the new Van Druten play at the St. Martin's. This is one of two photographs which were not produced at the inquest on the unfortunate Gertie* (CAROL GOODNER). *It is tastefully framed and suitably inscribed by Gertie herself—the Magnet of Maida Vale. In silhouette is Gertie, wearing what, in 1911, was regarded as a hat, and hearing from Sheila* (ANNABEL MAULE), *an* Enfant Terrible, *the very bad news that "Rags" Cartwright is going to marry another. The clue to the dramatic significance of this scene is to be found in the inscription upon the portrait so tastefully framed, and so on.*

The "LONDON CASINO" is a trifle deceptive as a title. For there is no gamble about it. It was, no doubt, a bit of a toss-up at first as to whether a mixture of dinner-dance-and-revue would be popular on the grand scale. But once that was settled conclusively in the management's favour, the numerous patrons have been under no compulsion to take a chance. They are certain to get exactly what they want. They know they will get as good a dinner or supper as can be served in cabaret conditions and as good a revue as can be served under conditions of no dialogue and plenty of action and display.

"NUITS DE FOLIES," the latest of the Casino ventures, is a whale of a show to go with the sole and the chicken. Ranging from the Paris Exhibition to the Bottom of the Sea, it contains every kind of dress. It parades nations, fishes, and birds with equal generosity. It combines modern ideas of nonsense with old ideas of gaiety. For example, the queer, slick, acrobatic drolls are essentially of to-day and excellent of their kind; no less excellent is the overwhelming Can-Can, which is essentially of yesterday, with its flounced petticoats and high-laced boots. I am sure that neither in the Advanced 'Eighties nor the Naughty 'Nineties was this ritual ever performed with a better combination of dash, devilment, and drill.

The conjurer-cartoonist Holbein, if less magnificent a draughtsman than his name suggests, proved to be a thoroughly good showman; the Lime Trio and the Maxellos were admirable exponents of what I should rather call smooth-and-tumble than rough-and-tumble, so perfectly slick and accurate was their furious and fantastic motion, and Mr. Feral Benga, as a dancer at the bottom of the sea, struck me as unusually graceful.

Mr. Sydney Carroll is now offering "THE TEMPEST" in his Open Air Theatre and everybody will hope that the weather takes no notice of the title's hint and that it keeps really fine for him. This year's revival of "TWELFTH NIGHT" was launched in tempestuous circumstance. The wind and the rain, of which Feste sings—who more sweetly than Mr. Leslie French?—had a Monday night out and drove the audience to the marquee, which is as good as any such canvas playhouse can be. The cast included many talents popular at the Park—Mr. Roy Byford's immense and saucer-eyed Sir Toby, Miss Neilson Terry's well-graced Olivia, and the pleasantly balanced yearning and mischief of Miss Margaretta Scott's Viola. But that's all done, our tale is told, and let us hope that sun and moon are now standing still over a Prospero's island with a perfect West Indian climate.

The trouble, I gather, with the box-office end of any Open Air Theatre is that a cloud in the morning may unjustly dissipate the evening's chance of business. The public must realise that a little rain before eleven may bring a perfect summer evening after seven; in that case, of course, London has nothing pleasanter of its kind than an Ariel in the open.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

THE plot of "HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME" (Plaza) is said to be based on historical fact. Immense care has been spent and a great deal of research undertaken to insure authenticity of background. The result, on these grounds alone, is a picture of outstanding interest and fine spectacular appeal. In addition, and under the wizard hands of the director, Rouben Mamoulian, it emerges as an astonishingly satisfactory blend of melodrama and musical romance. Of the august company of "Cimarron," of "The Covered Waggon," and of other pioneering classics, it tells the robust and spirited story of the opening-up of the oil-fields of western Pennsylvania in 1859, to which the music and lyrics of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein add a rhythmic under-current of melodious sentiment. The story opens with the meeting of Sally Watterson, daughter of an itinerant "medicine-man," and Peter Cortlandt, a young farmer who is already attempting to drill from his land the rock-oil which he is convinced will ultimately light the lamps of rich and poor from Philadelphia to Peking. The burning of her father's caravan brings Sally to Peter's home. They fall in love, get married, and, on their wedding-day, oil gushes forth in apparently endless torrents. The inevitable boom begins. But Peter, acting as the farmers' leader, soon finds himself up against the railway magnates, who, in an attempt to "freeze out" the original owners, raise freight rates so high as to threaten the transport of the crude oil to the refineries. There follows a battle of ever-increasing intensity, of both brain and muscle, between the farmers and the railroad men. For Peter, backed by the savings of all his associates, conceives the plan of laying pipe-lines direct from the oil-field to the refinery. It is a terrific struggle, grimly undertaken and splendidly portrayed in scenes of vivid realism. In the end, with only a few seconds still to go of the time limit of their contract, the oil-men triumph by taking their pipes up the sheer face of a cliff, a herculean task which is not, however, accomplished unaided. For the loyal Sally, driven to despair by Peter's absorption in the struggle, has joined a travelling circus. Learning of the last villainous intentions of his enemies to destroy the pipes, she is in time to spur him to the final frantic endeavour and to enlist the help which turns the scale. Across miles of intervening country-side the circus folk come streaming—the little white ponies, the clowns and acrobats, the trapeze artists, the strong men, the dogs, the elephants. The ensuing battle is magnificent, tremendous, realistic and, at times, exceedingly funny. Among a very large company, all of whom meet the often onerous demands made upon them with infectious zest, Randolph Scott is a virile, forceful Peter, and Irene Dunne, as charming a singer as she is an actress, endows Sally with a glowing personality.

In any picture of which Grace Moore is the star, it is her singing which is the all-important factor. "FOR YOU ALONE" (Tivoli) is no exception to the rule, though it must at once be admitted that the film has plenty of other entertainment "angles" as well. Its story comes from the romantic comedy category, and as such has been deftly treated by its author and director, Robert Riskin. Opening amid picturesque Mexican settings, Miss Moore, as a popular Australian prima donna, is discovered at her wits' end because the immigration authorities have refused her permission to return to New York in time for the first rehearsal of a festival of song in which she is to take part for the benefit of her uncle. In this predicament marriage with an American citizen seems the only solution. And so, after some preliminary skirmishes, the star duly espouses a penniless artist, whose initial remuneration is to be followed by a considerably larger sum upon immediate divorce. Of course, the plan, from the lady's point of view, promptly "goes agley"; her "husband" has ideas about women in general, and opera-stars in particular, and his methods of putting them into practice are disconcerting. Cary Grant is well cast as the artist with a mind of his own; his matter-of-fact handling of the temperamental and romantic complications that inevitably follow has point and humour. Grace Moore's lovely voice is, as always, a joy to hear, whether she sings amid the ornate staging of a New York first night, in the woods, to an audience of almost too-good-to-be-true wild birds and animals, to a roomful of enchanted children, or tackles "Minnie the Moocher" to the accompaniment of a village orchestra. Excellent comedy support is provided, among others, by Aline MacMahon as a hard-headed, but fundamentally sympathetic, friend.

And this is the other photograph not produced at the inquest on "GERTIE MAUDE." *Framed, if possible, more suitably than the other and inscribed in a manner second to none, it is a portrait of "Rags" Cartwright* (HARGRAVE PAWSON), *who is going to marry another. In silhouette may be seen Will Heatley* (GRIFFITH JONES), *one who, in the past, has loved Gertie not wisely, but too well, hearing the remarkable announcement about "Rags'" ideas of love as distinct from matrimony. The* Enfant Terrible *is in some danger of being slapped to sleep.*

"LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT," the all-star variety "musical" presented by the Associated British Picture Corporation, at the Regal, has been adapted from Henrik N. Ege's radio play "The Silver Spoon." Ambitiously designed as a feast for eye and ear, the picture hangs upon the slenderest thread of plot, concerned with the way in which a middle-aged husband and wife, each unknown to the other, become the proprietors of two respective night-clubs. It is the cabaret and variety numbers at these establishments which form the bulk of the entertainment. And very good they are—Afrique, and the Four Aces, Irene Prador, Claire Luce, the Four Franks, Arnaud, Peggy and Ready, the Percy Athos Follies, the Josephine Bradley Dancers, and no fewer than six of the currently popular dance bands. Spectacle, pulsating rhythm, songs, impersonations, "turns" of bewildering versatility and skill carry the picture along. In its quieter, more "domestic" moments it is adorned by the individually humorous methods of Fred Emney, Iris Hoey, Claud Allister, Steve Geray, and Oliver Wakefield, among a host of others, while the romantic interludes (as well as several musical ones) are in the capable hands of June Clyde and Buddy Rogers. In addition to all this, the film has more than one brightly lunatic line to its credit.

M. E. N.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page vi.

"OLD MUSIC," *the new play, at the St. James's, by Keith Winter, with settings designed by Rex Whistler, is set in the 'fifties, with a prologue and epilogue in the 'eighties. This is Judith Cameron* (CELIA JOHNSON), *the girl who marries the dashing Tony Yale though she does not love him.*

GREER GARSON *gives a fine performance as Geraldine Decker (afterwards Geraldine Tresham), beautiful, selfish, stupid, and rapacious, who goes through life with supreme selfishness and yet obtains forgiveness from those whom she injures irreparably.*

THE TRIO OF "OLD MUSIC."

Dashing Tony Yale (HUGH WILLIAMS) *between the two women who dominate his life. He loves Judith* (CELIA JOHNSON; *right*), *whom he marries, and he is loved by Geraldine* (GREER GARSON), *who becomes the wife of Lord Tresham and the mistress—and, ultimately, the slayer—of Tony.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

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The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

SUMMER INTO WINTER.

SINCE suits and coats are the things one thinks of first when the summer begins to fade, I 'll tell you right away what Paris is doing this autumn. Whether you have a slickly tailored coat or a loose box one depends entirely on yourself, for both are equally popular: but one thing is certain—if you have a fitted jacket it will cover your hips in the classic line instead of just reaching to the top of the hip-bone. Your skirt will be slender —straight, bias cut, or with a pleat or two at the centre front. Your effect will depend on colours, on the use of flat furs, and on the new placing of pockets.

To revert to fitted jackets—the majority of them have rounded fronts, rather high revers, and well-defined waists. Chanel created what looked like a "new" line with her completely natural shoulders, but, in any case, no shoulders are exaggerated. They are blocked only sufficiently to keep them straight. She also did an enormous number of little boleros and zouaves, which were well represented in almost every collection. Her clipped ostrich day bolero and muff in midnight blue was a charming conceit, and her practical stand-by was vivid plaid blouses and waistcoats, for she did them with every other suit.

Marcel Rochas remained faithful to his very square-looking silhouette, cutting his fitted jackets with high revers and emphasising their angularity by the placing of pockets just below the yoke and flat between the waist and hips, and by empiecements of fur or baroque embroideries in velvet. He achieved a new type of swing coat, lined with Persian lamb, and slit right up the back to the shoulder-blades, revealing a high-waisted skirt and a velvet blouse. His other surprise was a loose-backed three-quarter length coat cut straight across the waist at the front. With almost every skirt he had a contrasting belt, and his colour schemes were, as usual, superb. Black and violet blue, black with scarlet and purple, black with magenta, spinach green, heather, snuff, and wine were favourites.

QUITE a few capes were shown, usually accompanying matching suits; for informal evening wear there were severely tailored suits in silver lamé, just like a black and white shepherd's plaid; and for formal afternoon wear, lavishly fur-trimmed suits were luxurious and altogether lovely. They were shown by every designer, and the majority of them had fox collars that swept down to the narrow waist and then bordered the curved line at the hips. Very often muffs completed the scheme. Silver fox was used more than any other fur, and in its newest guise the skins are worked so that the silver part forms horizontal stripes. Paquin did such suits extremely well, as well as coats of the same genre, and Alix caused a sensation with a black cloqué dress worn with silver fox that framed the head, fastened at the waist, and curved round the hips, giving a jacket effect. Actually the fur was slipped on like a cape.

SO much for Paris. But in the meantime, London is up and doing. The Matita early autumn collection has already been shown, and here again colours play a most important part. Mahogany is their newest shade, with prune and petrol-blue, mushroom and chartreuse, bronze green and fuchsia as subsidiaries. The majority of their hip-length classic jackets are half-belted across the back, they have a large number of box coats, and their jersey dresses (so perfect to wear during the first cool days and to carry on later beneath winter coats) are moulded about the diaphragm, with graceful fulness set into this line, and sashes draped about the waist. It hardly seems necessary to say that Matita models can be obtained practically everywhere, but if you should want any information about them, ring up Museum 0725, or write to 124, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

A large number of lucky Londoners had their own splash of excitement when, coincident with the Paris openings, Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, showed some of their advance models for the new season. Nothing could have been more impressive than a formal black suit, the loose half-length coat having sleeves of silver fox, and the dress banded with sequins to give it a high waist-line. A dusty pink tea-gown in lace over satin was perfect for the older woman, for it had a pleated chiffon cape set into a panel of lace which formed a train, and grace was in its every movement.

FROM the Débutante Department came two winning day-timers—a charming powder blue frock with a petunia suède sash-belt and petunia flowers at the neck; and a black marocain skirt with a black lace top banded with the silk. Were it not for the programme, nobody would have believed that these cost only 70s. each. One had a similiar feeling about an afternoon dress—copy of an original model—priced at 7 guineas. With gold embroideries at the neck and on the hip, it had a petunia inset at the waist, crossed by a black belt. The coats were uniformly good and included a black velvet instep-length wrap, which had a white fox collar that was carried round to give a caped effect at the front and was folded under the back of the sleeves.

Nothing was left out. Not tea-gowns, charming and distinguished, designed for women of every type and age. Not even bathing-dresses and some luscious underclothes. One had only to see an ethereal nightdress with a high-waisted top composed entirely of tucked empiecements and the finest appliquéd lace, worn with a matching coat similarly bordered and trimmed, to realise that nowhere could one find anything more lovely.

On the opposite page is one of the new Matita suits for the autumn. In a black woollen fabric woven with mohair, it has a plain skirt, and the box coat has intricate pockets and high revers vividly striped in orchid, red, yellow, and green jersey to match the simple jumper.

JOHN EVERARD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN "They Seek a Country," Mr. Brett Young has drawn his inspiration once more from Africa. True, the scene opens in England—the England of a hundred years ago—and a grim scene it is, well worthy of the fog which enwraps it. The industrial town of Dulston, the village of Grafton Lovett, the prison ship on which the hero, a mere lad, is transported to Botany Bay—each has its own dull, nightmare quality of oppression, each is a compartment of hell, devised and officered by the powers that be. One would be only too glad to believe these first chapters overdrawn, but Mr. Brett Young can point to the evidence. They are, however—mercifully—only a prelude; the true tale begins when a storm off the coast of South Africa gives John Oakley and a companion the chance to escape into the bush. They find shelter on the Dutch farm of Welgelegen, just when the Dutch of Cape Colony are preparing for the Great Trek; and though some of the Prinsloos dislike and resent the company of these Englishmen, they set out with their hosts—John has fallen in love with Lisbet Prinsloo, and would go with her anywhere. We follow the Great Trek to Winburg, where it split up into factions; where the Prinsloos also split up, one son and daughter going westward, while the others accompany Piet Retief into Natal. Retief takes Sarel Prinsloo on his tragic embassy to Dingaan, King of the Zulus, which ended in the murder of all the Dutch; before the remaining Prinsloos have even heard of his death, their laager is surrounded by Zulu warriors, and only John and Lisbet escape with their lives. They marry, and settle for a while in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg, but very soon anti-English agitation drives them away, and they recross the Drakensberg, to find peace and freedom in the Transvaal.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND *and* SIR LEONARD MILBURN, *Chairman of the Berwick-on-Tweed Conservative Association, tried their skill at the "fishing" game which was among the attractions at the fête held in the grounds of the Duchess's home, Alnwick Castle. They are obviously bringing great concentration to bear on the task in hand!*

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY *and* LADY DIANA PERCY, *the daughters of the Duchess of Northumberland, tested their luck at the "racehorse" game which was a side-show at the Berwick-on-Tweed Conservative and Unionist Association annual fête.*

Boer Exodus.

It is a narrative of tragic events, yet the effect is not gloomy. The English chapters were painful to a degree—one could hardly breathe in their atmosphere, or bear to think that such things were done in England only a hundred years ago; but the arrival in Africa brings a change. All at once, everything seems more remote, not only in place, but in time and feeling; everything grows spacious and peaceful, and even disaster is softened, like the contour of a mountain in the blue distance. The plot has a very simple and placid quality; there is not much in it, it merely accompanies the Great Trek. And the characters are seen as from afar off—not diminished, but, on the contrary, with that air of largeness which distance gives by suppressing detail. Their quarrels and sufferings and misfortunes, and the shadow of fresh conflict in which we leave them, are only sad—there is no rawness of pain in them. Much of this effect may be due to the sheer beauty and spaciousness of the empty landscape. Mr. Brett Young fills his pages with it, from the moment when John and his companion, escaping inland, experience the first strangeness of night in Africa; and the Great Trek is indeed like an advance to the Land of Promise. The first great moment is the conquest of Zwarteberg.

> The plains they had left behind still lay hidden by heaped banks of cloud, dazzlingly white; but before them, at the foot of a slope that declined more gradually, stretched an endless plain whose surface glowed beneath the high sun with a radiance almost as rich as that with which sunset had drenched the landscape the evening before. At first sight, indeed, this vast expanse looked less like land than a sea-firth, or the estuary of some great river issuing from the heart of the mountain mass on whose foot-hills they stood, to widen and lose itself in the level immensity of a western horizon that seemed to join with the sky in a mingling of filmy blues. Observed from that height, the plain showed no variation of height or texture, and little of colour save where, here and there, its surface lay dappled by huge patches of shadow that moved like those cast by clouds drifting so slowly as to seem motionless. Shadows they must be, John thought, till he looked up to the sky and saw it was cloudless. Then he heard Mr. Blair, who had long been silent, speaking:
>
> "What a sight!" he said. "Do you see the game moving there? You 'ld be wondering where such great herds could find food or drink in such a wilderness, but there they are. We 're going up in the world, John, bit by bit. . . . Yon 's the Great Karroo."

Afterwards, we have the wonderful, leisurely crossing of the Orange River, the Jordan of this Dutch Exodus, and the first Pisgah-glimpse of Natal.

> One evening, when the shadows of the tired oxen lengthened in front of them and those of the great tilts loomed monstrous behind, the land suddenly fell away at their feet, plunging sheer for a hundred fathoms into the abyss of shadow cast by the mountain itself. For the width of a mile and more that shadow blotted the land; but beyond its advancing edge, in an infinite, soft greenness, passing belief, stretched the tumbled expanse of domed hills and wooded valleys that was their Promised Land.
>
> At the first sight of this Pisgah-vision they gasped and stood in awed silence. Their eyes could not measure, their minds could not compass, the amplitude of this inheritance; this lush country of rolling green hills that distantly faded to blue and then, grey as smoke and as unsubstantial, were lost in a shimmer of white that, for all they knew, might be sea. When they spoke at last, their talk was high-pitched and excited. . . . Among all of them old Adrian was the only one whose imagination appeared to have been untouched by the spectacle. While the others stood fascinated, gazing down on it, he moved away silently and lay down in the wagon-bed. "Alas for the land," he muttered, "that has shadows on its borders!"

Shadow there is, and a sense of fate, but dissolved in beauty. These rolling spaces, through which the slow wagons move as though they possessed eternity, seem to reduce all trouble and unrest to

[*Continued overleaf.*

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how
it helps you
tremendously
to keep
that
essential
grip on yourself?

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Continued.]
a little eddy in a great sea of calm; the calm of external nature and of the placid, heroic soul. Adrian Prinsloo and his wife, Jacoba, and Lisbet's turbulent lover, Jan Bothma, died long ago, and died well; there is no cause to be much distressed for them.

Yankees in Uniform. "Boy in Blue" gives a very different picture of human conflict. America is undeniably a large country, nor is the American Civil War a very recent event, but in this novel we are allowed no mitigating sense of distance or vastness. "Boy in Blue" is, in fact, a close-up of men at war; very modern, and very uncomfortable indeed. Men are not worth much, apparently, at the best of times; they are poor creatures, imprisoned in the smallness of their own nature, all more or less unhappy, and unworthy of happiness. And war is the final expression of their misery; it is something willed and yet not willed, a monstrous engine of which the inventor has lost control, which he does not really understand, yet must go on working. In "Boy in Blue," the peaceful expanse of earth appears only as a refuge from which these men in uniform are shut out; the thought of it flashes on them now and then like a gleam of heaven, but only by contrast—because they have shut themselves up in hell.

John Thane, of Indiana, and his son, Ezra, would not be very attractive at any time—they are dour, ignorant, joyless, and full of prejudice; but war degrades them still further, turning mere

MISS MADELEINE CARROLL, *one of the loveliest of our film-stars, is now back from Hollywood and has left for a holiday with her husband, Captain Philip Astley, aboard their yacht "Centaurus." They plan to go to the South of France, via river and canal, and expect to take about a fortnight to reach the Riviera.*

prejudice into a bitter, self-righteous hatred. John's brother Gideon, a thoughtful man to whom the war is a muddle and a fatality rather than a study in black and white, refuses to join the others in abusing the South; they quarrel, and Ezra deliberately shoots his uncle, who is unarmed. The authorities acquit and almost congratulate him—thus perish all traitors! Robert, the younger son, a mere lad, has more in common with Gideon than with his own household, but he is driven into the army by a disappointment in love, and henceforth we follow his fortunes, leaving behind us the stage all set for a really powerful character-drama which goes no farther. As compensation, we have the war seen through Robert's eyes. It is terribly convincing. His ignorance of what is going on; his first sight of the enemy; his reactions under fire, so utterly unlike what he had thought they would be; his encounter with the procession of walking wounded; his gradual awakening to what this life in uniform really is, how drab, ignoble, inevitable—we cannot help but believe it all. Once or twice, the vision in its intensity becomes poetic, but it is a brief, steely light. The main love-story—for there is one—I thought a failure. The superior Ann Countiss seemed to me an unpleasant young woman; when she said: "Ah'd betray anyone in a minute for you, Robert," I was repelled, not—as was the intention—carried away.

"Boy in Blue" has what, in a war book, may pass for a happy ending, but its gloom is not much relieved by that.

MRS. JOHN WALKER, *formerly Miss Joan Southey, is a Frinton regular. She was caught by the camera taking her children by her first marriage,* JEAN *and* ELIZABETH CARY, *for a walk. They are the grandchildren of Viscount Falkland.*

Autumn Tints. If you want a complete change—mellow sunshine and domesticity in a world of blessings—I can imagine nothing to suit you better than "Summer's End." Summer's End is a cottage in one of those lost little Surrey villages which are within a short drive of Guildford, and yet quite out of the world—a village where "summer tarries and autumn stays late," and the declining year is golden with chestnut leaves. The early autumn of Victoria, the heroine, is equally golden, and her four delightful children get themselves launched in life with the ease and unexpectedness of a fairy-tale. Those who cannot tolerate "escape" or "wish-fulfilment" in literature will hardly take to this book, but less uncompromising spirits should find it ideal for a holiday.

The DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF READING *is one of the distinguished people who have been staying at Jeschke's Grand Hotel, in order to take the cure at Bad-Nauheim.*

Murder in the Snow. Or you may prefer to turn from the unmanageable problems of life to the neat and deliberate confusion of a good thriller. In that case, you will have discovered the merits of Miss Eberhart long ago. She has, I think, written better stories than "Hand in Glove," but her gift for atmosphere and pervasive creepiness does not fail. This time the setting is an old country house near Chicago, amid fir-trees and snow; a thin old house with hidden closets, narrow passages, "sharp and sudden turns when you couldn't be sure what was waiting for you." In this house Daphne Haviland is to be married to Ben Brewer, president of the Haviland Bridge Company, but at midnight on the eve of her wedding she steals out through the snow to keep tryst with the man she loves—and there at the trysting-place is Ben Brewer, murdered. The most engaging feature of "Hand in Glove" is the promptness with which all the Havilands conspire to mislead the law. They are not by any means a united family, and most of them are quite innocent and ignorant of what is going on, but they are all instinctively bent on concealing everything. On the other side we have Jacob Wait, the investigator, with his sick loathing of murder, who knows perfectly well that every witness is determined to keep things dark, and conceives "a brooding hatred" for the whole lot of them.

Miss Eberhart, deft as always, provides a succession of minor thrills: stairs creak, footsteps patter in the dark corridor, doors open silently, and close again without revealing the unknown eavesdropper. It is almost

[*Continued on page* VI.

Go South this year

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."—*Johnson.*

WHY not follow Dr. Johnson's precept this year? Break away from the conventional: adventure forth to visit new scenes, to see things as they are.

The fascination of bringing into the orbit of reality place names and scenes so vividly described in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines": the thrill of following in the footsteps of Livingstone and other famous explorers—these are memories that endure.

Africa presents a variety of new experiences to her guests. At one end of the scale there are the Greatest River Wonder and the largest Wild Life Sanctuary in existence; at the other, modern cities and delightful health resorts where the tempo of life is planned for rest, recuperation and amusement. Over all the sun spreads his genial influence, brightening each and every day throughout the year with eight or nine hours of glorious sunshine.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

South Africa

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THERE has been a certain amount of criticism about the increasing length of championship and other first-class golf-courses recently. The Open Championship has been held on links which were stretched to 7000 yards on the past two occasions, and it is highly probable that the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal, where the Open is to be played next year, may put back some of the teeing-grounds in order to increase the length of the links. If they do, the usual criticism can be anticipated. At Carnoustie, the chief complaint was that bunkers in the middle of the fairway which normally would be carried with the drive, were in just the right place to trap a well-hit shot. As a matter of fact, this was indeed the case, but the complaints were not entirely justified, because the players knew the bunkers were there, and therefore had to match their skill against the subtleties of the links. Good golf consists in correct placing of shots rather than mere slogging. The period of criticism may be but transitory; soon championship golfers will become accustomed to the idea that accuracy is a greater asset than mere length. Then may come a new line of thought in bunkering to obviate any further lengthening of courses, which everybody agrees are quite long enough for the champions, and at full stretch too long for the comfort and pleasure of the handicap players who use them for all but about a fortnight every year.

MISS BETTY LAMPSON, *daughter of Mr. Curtis Lampson, is a starred golfer at North Berwick, for she has a whole constellation on her jumper!*

Fifty-Yard Fairways Too Narrow.

The futility of long but inaccurate driving occurred to me when I read recently that Jimmy Thomson, who, it is claimed by the United States, is the longest driver in the world, hit a shot of about 400 yards. Thomson, a sturdy young man, 5 ft. 10 in., and nearly thirteen stone in weight, is credited with a great number of incredibly long drives, but it is perhaps significant that he has gained no more than a fair share of the rewards. There are scores of American professionals quite as successful as Thomson in tournament play, and yet he can outdrive them all. He is able to outdrive his colleagues, but his shots are not always effective. There was an interesting light on this subject at a long-driving tournament held recently in the United States. The first teeing-ground of the Pittsburgh Field Club was used. It is perched high above the fairway, and competitors were allowed an adequate margin of error, since the fairway is fifty yards wide. The day was clear, and there was little or no wind. Each competitor was allowed three drives, prizes being awarded for the longest single drive and the best aggregate of three on the fairway. Now this is Thomson's achievement. His first drive only covered 276 yards, nothing extraordinary; his next, hit skywards as he fell back on his heels, went 294 yards; and his third, a mighty hook, travelled 320 yards, but out of bounds—and with a fifty yards fairway to hit, too. If ever there was proof of the futility of length with inaccuracy, here it was. Sam Snead, the Ryder Cup man, who is an advocate of the theory that for accuracy, length, and control one must swing the club-head—that is, get the feeling that the club-head is a small weight attached to a cord, and swing it accordingly—won the contest. He totalled a little more than 920 yards for three drives, the longest of which travelled 313½ yards. Very few of the competitors passed the 300-yards mark, and even fewer placed three drives on the fairway. Gene Sarazen, who used his fifteen-ounce driver, did not succeed in getting any of his drives within the boundary marks.

Almost Unattainable Limit.

I relate the tribulations of the competitors in this competition, not in any miserable, gloating spirit, but to offer some comfort to those who, like myself, rarely, if ever, except on a sun-baked, downhill fairway with a following wind, drive 300 yards. As a matter of strict fact, there is far too much loose talk about 300-yards drives. There will be ample opportunity of proving this to your own satisfaction at the forthcoming big professional tournaments, at Brighton this week, at Southend-on-Sea, in the "Match-Play Championship," and the "Champions' Championship," in which all the winners of the big tournaments this season compete for prizes in the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament. All these events are being held within the next few weeks, and on level ground and with normal weather conditions I doubt whether you will see one drive in fifty pass the 300-yards mark. The length of a really good shot by a first-class professional is round about 280 yards.

Driving Ranges Needed.

But, naturally, all golfers enjoy the exhilaration of hitting a ball right off the middle of the club, a feat rarely accomplished, because of the besetting sin of "pressing" for distance instead of swinging the club-head. I would like to see a great many more driving ranges in this country. In the United States they abound at every city and the keen golfer can drive fifty balls for about a shilling. But there are few of these ranges in this country, and those that do exist are frequently too expensive. I saw one in the West of England a week or two ago where it was possible to hit only four shots with a captive ball for a charge of sixpence. A captive ball is not ideal for driving practice. It has its merit, of course, but one must not expect too much from the mechanical devices which indicate length and direction, because a slice or hook does not really take effect until towards the end of the flight of the ordinary free ball. For the same reason, driving into a net has less educational value than a drive into the open. It is useful practice to drive at the net until the swing becomes natural and mechanical and one appears to be timing the shot well, but there is an entirely different feeling when it comes to playing a long carry from the tee. For that reason I think there is a lot to be said for driving-range practice. By the time he has mis-spent a lot of energy in trying to hit the 300-yards target, the average golfer will have arrived at the conclusion that pressing is futile, and will discover for himself that, when aiming at the 200-yards mark, many shots travel farther than they did when aiming one hundred yards ahead. This may seem elementary to the expert player, but the great majority are not experts, and I commend the thought of a driving range to clubs who have the land to spare. Those whose clubs have been embraced in the Green Belt scheme could find such ranges a valuable source of income, for there is practically no cost of upkeep, and there would be plenty of patronage from the public, as well as club members, at a charge of about forty drives for a shilling.

It's a long, long climb from the twelfth green to the thirteenth tee at the Oswego Country Club, Oswego, Oregon, U.S.A., and golfers don't believe in wasting their energy in mountaineering when out to play a round; so someone had the bright idea of "making the trip painless." By the removal of the engine and the substitution of other machinery, an old car has been transformed into a cable-car that hauls lazy golfers uphill!

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

Gate of Autumn

At the gate of Autumn we really have to hesitate and think: Think along the lines of jerseys for the days neither too warm nor too cool. Here is a grey ripple novelty jersey amongst the very first to be chosen from the MATITA Autumn Collection. It is belted with royal suede clasped with an antique silver hinge.

GODDESS OF SPORT

MATITA
London
Paris
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MATITA models are obtainable from exclusive shops and stores throughout the World. If you are in any doubt or difficulty would you 'phone Museum 0725 Ex. or write MATITA LONDON, W. 1

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

"AND every time I do it, I say to myself, 'What a fool you are not to make it a regular habit!'"

"Plenty of them do; I should think that half the Stock Exchange must be down here for this week-end."

"I guess you could deal in practically anything you wanted to, without moving far from the front."

The two House men dropped into wicker-chairs and surveyed the scene.

"I rather like these greyish mornings, don't you? After the sun, there's something very peaceful about this quieter light."

"You wouldn't talk like that if you had a spade and bucket, and no more than a fortnight to be at the seaside. Remember the kids, my boy, and the young people, and——"

"I remember them all. And I hope the sun will come out again, but as I have no say in that matter, mayn't I express my personal feelings about a dullish morning?"

"We get plenty of them in the House, and that's why I prefer to see the sun when I come to Brighton."

"Good train service, isn't it? And there are some excellent hotels. They ought to advertise their charms more extensively, don't you think?"

"Maybe they get as many visitors as they want in the holiday season, so they think there's no need to spend money on publicity."

"You think so? I don't know. Bit short-sighted policy, I should consider it, if I were running a hotel. It's the high holiday season now, but do you imagine that all the hotels in Brighton, or any other seaside town, are even now filled to capacity?"

"They probably are not, and they wouldn't be, even though everyone advertised in every paper in the land."

"The sea-air is making you senile. What I say is, that if the seaside hotels were to display their charms to a wider circle, they would find it pay them hands down."

"Let's take a hotel and try, shall we? If we did that, we should always have a roof over our heads and a five-course dinner at night."

"Not to mention a mortgage on the property and misunderstandings when we hadn't enough money to pay the staff."

"What a one you are to imagine all sorts of difficulties! You are of the stuff that bears are made of. Hullo, B! Come and help me scarify this pessimist. He is irrepressibly gloomy."

"Don't you believe it. I am a bull of lots of things. Too many," he added. "By nature I am as patient as those other asses," and he pointed with his pipe to a pair of donkeys lurching along to their appointed duty-posts.

"Brought any Americans away with you?"

"Not this week-end. I tried to make them pay my expenses at August Bank-holiday time, and the brutes let me down. It would have been all right if I had held on."

"As I hope those little boys will. Jove! If I were those donkeys, I would want to kick up my heels occasionally, wouldn't you?"

"Best to stick to the job, and the shares, that you are used to. It's surprising how often your shares come home when you are content to wait for them to do it."

"That's what I have lately discovered with my Dog shares. I had almost written them off. Then, all at once, the market comes to life and I find myself on the right side once more."

"Too late to touch them now?"

"Can't say. As a Stock Exchange man, I am always afraid of coming into anything on the top of a rise. And Greyhounds are very sporting, aren't they?"

"Of course. We ought to have foreseen this a month ago, and taken our seats in Clapton, G.R.A., South Londons, and Wembleys. Been all right by now, wouldn't we?"

"We could have guessed it, you know, by the exercise of a little gumption. The fall in the unemployment figures should have put us wise to what was likely to happen."

"Unemployment?"

"More people in work means more money to be spent in sport, amusement——"

"Beer."

"No, thanks. Later on, if you like. But the Dog-tracks stand to benefit very considerably by the increase of employment. The Tote is popular. You get a few hours' entertainment pretty cheaply and—oh, yes! we were nitwits not to have seen this rise in Dog shares."

"They tell me to buy Hackney Wick Stadium."

"I heard that, too. Tipped in one of the papers, weren't they? They look a fair gamble and there should be a decent dividend this year. The market might drop out of fashion; that's the only thing against it."

"Dogs are a kind of luxury business, don't you think?"

"In a way. But you can't see any particular likelihood of employment falling off, can you?"

"To my mind, this Old Country of ours is going strong for some years to come."

"You're backing your opinion?"

"I bought Alfred Dunhill Ordinary for myself last week. Does that answer your question? There ought to be a useful increase in the dividend, and a five-bob rise in the price of the shares."

"Ten, a man in the market prophesied to me."

"I like to be modest and err on the safe side."

"It's safe to buy Dunhills for a five shillings profit?"

"It isn't safe to buy anything for a certain profit in our place. Because you never can tell what's going to happen next."

"That's a platitude."

"None the less true for being so. But I believe Dunhills are doing extremely well."

"And I should guess that the Carrier Engineering Company is making pots of money."

"The air-conditioning firm?"

"That's it. With all this talk of air raids, and precautions and safety devices, you'd rather expect a company like the Carrier to be pretty full up with work."

"We do deal in the shares, don't we?"

"Oh, yes. There's a market in them. Sort of thing you may have to lock up for a while, you know, but likely to give you a fine return by and by."

"I've been sitting on James Finlay for some time——"

"Poor old Jimmy!"

"Sound stuff, but the yield on the money is so trifling."

"That's what makes me inclined to turn them out. The tea market is a lop-sided affair——"

"All buyers or all sellers, eh?"

"That's an exaggerated way of stating the position. No doubt we shall see tea shares blazing up again one of these days, but I like to be in a market that doesn't put such a heavy strain on your patience. So I think my James Finlay money may be more profitably employed elsewhere."

"How about Distillers?"

"Scope for talent there. The company is like Imperial Chemicals——"

"You don't mean to hint——"

"Lord, no! I mean that the two companies have interests so widely spread that you never feel surprise at hearing about either of them being in some branch of industry that you've never connected them with."

"You're a believer in Chemicals, aren't you? Dare say you're right. All our good Industrials will pay to hold. Look! There are your two donkeys coming back."

"A speaking face, that outside one. Why, he's crossing the road!"

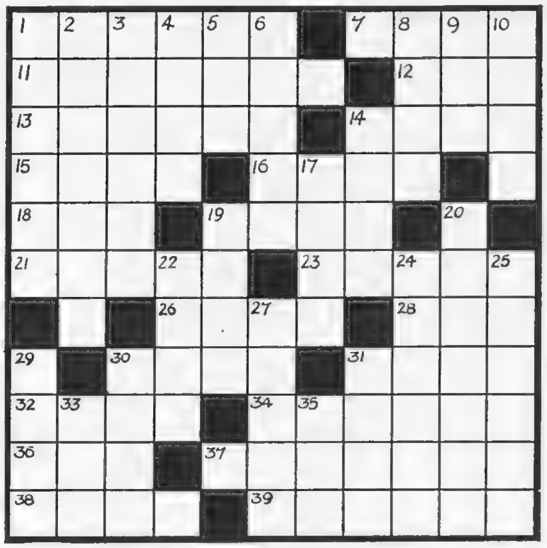
"And making straight for us. Here! What's the game, you ass? Go back to your Balaam at once."

The donkey thrust his head into the porch, said he could not help hearing them discuss Stock Exchange affairs, and begged leave to tell them what he thought about the Bucket Shop Report.

Luckily, his master caught him just in time to prevent him from getting too confidential about it.

Friday, Aug. 20, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. This may mean mean (6).
7. A self-made woman, apparently (4).
11. The matter is *in statu quo*, so to speak (5).
12. Would the Committee of a dog show bar this kind of dog? (3).
13. The "S.S. Kate" might be constructed with such pieces of wood (6).
14. A knotty point for motorists? (4).
15. Permanent twists in the tsetse fly (4).
16. An aged female who sometimes follows No. 7 (4).
18. This should be taken as before, of course (3).
19. Practices employed in the census especially (4).
21. They are often described as being attached to the soil (5).
23. Indian notes that are not cashed at any bank (5).
26. To eat this is proverbially to recant (4).
28. A frost-bite on the leg, perhaps (3).
30. This animal would make a suitable sign for a barber's shop (4).
31. Is a French article written on this land (4).
32. A pipe, a cigar, or it might be the smoker (4).
34. This is to write in the wind, I tell you (6).
36. There is always a clear profit to be obtained from this number (3).
37. One who is so may perhaps consider himself over-rated (7).
38. Must one go to South Africa for this plant? (4).
39. Singular river; plural dress (5).

DOWN.

1. Rather aimless young women, apparently (6).
2. One must be before one can win the race (7).
3. What could be simpler, or nicer? (6).
4. Gives one a pain in the neck, perhaps (4).
5. Demolished in the greatest haste (3).
5. Inclines to be partial to rolls? (5).
8. This, seemingly, is to give encouragement to gambling (4).
9. Commonly No. 32 (3).
10. Studies in extremities (4).
14. Nonsense! There is nothing in it! (4).
17. When this is less one becomes desperate (4).
19. He might be termed an habitual frequenter (4).
20. It is rigidly straight, yet partly askew (7).
22. One way to make a nudist nuder, so to speak (4).
24. This is very often left on the football field (6).
25. He who does so may find himself in trouble at No. 14 Across (6).
27. The C.I.D. are largely responsible for this legal pronouncement (5).
29. A part of the Bible—in fact, several parts it would seem (4).
30. It reaches its ultimate bourn on the Thames (4).
31. These hands are often employed by an evil one (4).
33. The Land of John Barleycorn? (3).
35. In time you will possess what you have earned (3).

This England . . .

Bournemouth from Branksome

OZONE, they say . . . sea air . . . the change will do you good. And so it is. Yet if we think upon it, the greatest good comes surely of the unaccustomed exercise we take. For of what use are the great airs under a wider sky if our lungs are not opened to them. What walkers we become, how we rejoice to feel the soil of another England (yet still our own) under the feet, and savour the sweet odours that sun and rain release. And when little-used muscles cry a halt, how grand to laze in the cool dim parlour of an inn before a Worthington—its tawny gleam a promise of new vitality drawn from our own rich earth.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

I DO not know exactly how many laws there are which can be broken, wittingly or unwittingly, by the motorist. I suspect that the number runs into thousands, and few of us have any hope of knowing them all. If you want to clear up any debatable points in connection with motoring offences, I advise you to get a copy of "The Law of the Road," by Mr. Kenneth A. Harker, LL.B., and issued by British Data Service, 22, Walbrook, London, E.C.4. It costs one shilling.

There are 500 points to which the attention of the motorist is drawn, and many of the points are further sub-divided. There are offences in buying, owning and selling cars as well as in handling them. There are chapters in the book dealing with insurance, accidents, trailers and towing, and so on. Did you know, for instance, that you may be considered as committing an offence if you drive with a dirty wind screen and that, strictly speaking, driving a car without a windscreen - wiper in operation whilst it is raining would appear to be an offence also, since rain must obviously obscure the vision of the driver to some extent?

The new DAIMLER "FIFTEEN," *with its attractive lines, brilliant performance and centre-poised front suspension, is one of the most interesting new cars on the market. The sports saloon is priced at £485. Our photograph was taken by Bala Lake, North Wales.*

In view of the cases we have all heard about where smooth tyres have been held by the prosecution to be dangerous, it is heartening to be reminded that treads on tyres are not compulsory, so that merely wearing the pattern of the tread is not of itself sufficient proof to support a conviction.

It was news to me to know that sidelamps on a car must be as nearly as possible of equal power, so, presumably, one might get "pinched" if one replaced a burnt-out bulb by a much weaker one. This little book makes it clear that, despite the elaborate regulations regarding the fitting of anti - dazzle headlamps, there are none which show that one has to use such devices. For instance, any lamps of more than 7 watts must be permanently deflected downwards or be capable of being deflected at the will of the driver, or of being extinguished. It is important to realise, however, that if the headlamp is extinguished, at the same time another lamp (or beam of light deflected downwards) must be switched on. You can drive towards a stream of traffic with your headlights full on, or you can drive along with your sidelamps only in use, and in either of these cases you will not be committing an offence. At the same time, you are required by law (even if you never use the device!) *to be able to* switch off your headlamps and switch on simultaneously others of an anti-dazzle nature. If ever there was a case of the law being "a hass" it is the constitution of the regulations affecting lamps on modern cars.

A NEW TALBOT "TEN."

The Talbot "Ten" is an attractive little car which has achieved, since its introduction, a considerable amount of popularity. It has been improved in numerous respects for 1938 and is consequently a more attractive proposition than ever. The sports tourer, which sells at £248, has been cleaned up as regards the rear portion, for the spare wheel is now carried inside the boot, the lid of which now hinges back and makes a useful luggage platform. This enables the rear bumper to be fitted neatly, close up to the tail, thus reducing the overall length by 7 in. The hood is neater and has a bigger window at the back, while the side curtains have also been improved.

The new grouped instruments are easily read and well placed, but the mechanical innovations would pass unnoticed unless specially pointed out. The inlet and exhaust manifolds have been redesigned and an aluminium shield has been arranged so as to prevent the radiation from the manifolds unduly vaporizing petrol in the carburetter. For the same reason, the petrol pipe is carried well away from the cylinder block and is taken round the front of the engine, where it is cooled by air from the fan. The polished aluminium cylinder-heads have been improved in shape internally and the valve gear has been made more efficient. The crankshaft, which has been balanced both statically and dynamically, is stiffer than previously and fitted with thick, steel-backed white-metal main and big-end bearings. The radiator also has been increased in cooling efficiency and the result of these various modifications is that the engine runs more smoothly, has a better performance, and the car is much more economical.

The gear control has also been altered, an inclined lever taking the place of the old remote control.

The latest TALBOT "TEN," *recently announced for 1938, is a car of many refinements. In appearance and equipment, it possesses many new features, while its brilliant road performance has been even further improved. There are three models; namely, the sports tourer at £248, the sports saloon, which is shown in our photograph, at £255, and the foursome drop-head coupé at £285.*

THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

This year's Tourist Trophy Race, which the R.A.C. is holding on the Donington Park circuit, promises to be interesting. French, German and Italian cars will compete with British, the big-car class consisting of five Delahayes and three Darracqs against a Lagonda and a Bentley. The German-built Frazer - Nash B.M.W.'s have the 2 - litre class to themselves, while the 1½-litre class consists of four Rileys, an H.R.G., and a Morgan, and the 1100 c.c. class of three Singers, three Fiats, and a solitary Austin "Seven."

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC573

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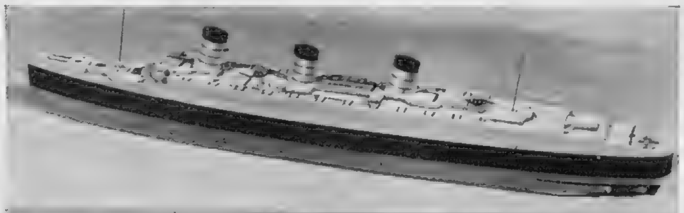
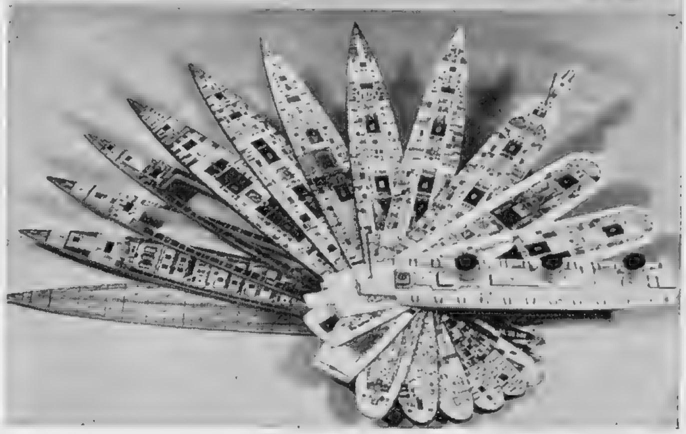
UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."





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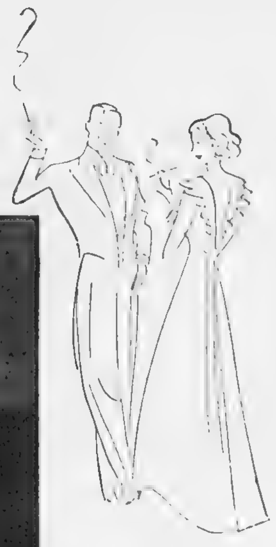

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4⅞×3¼	£4.17.6	£33. 0.0

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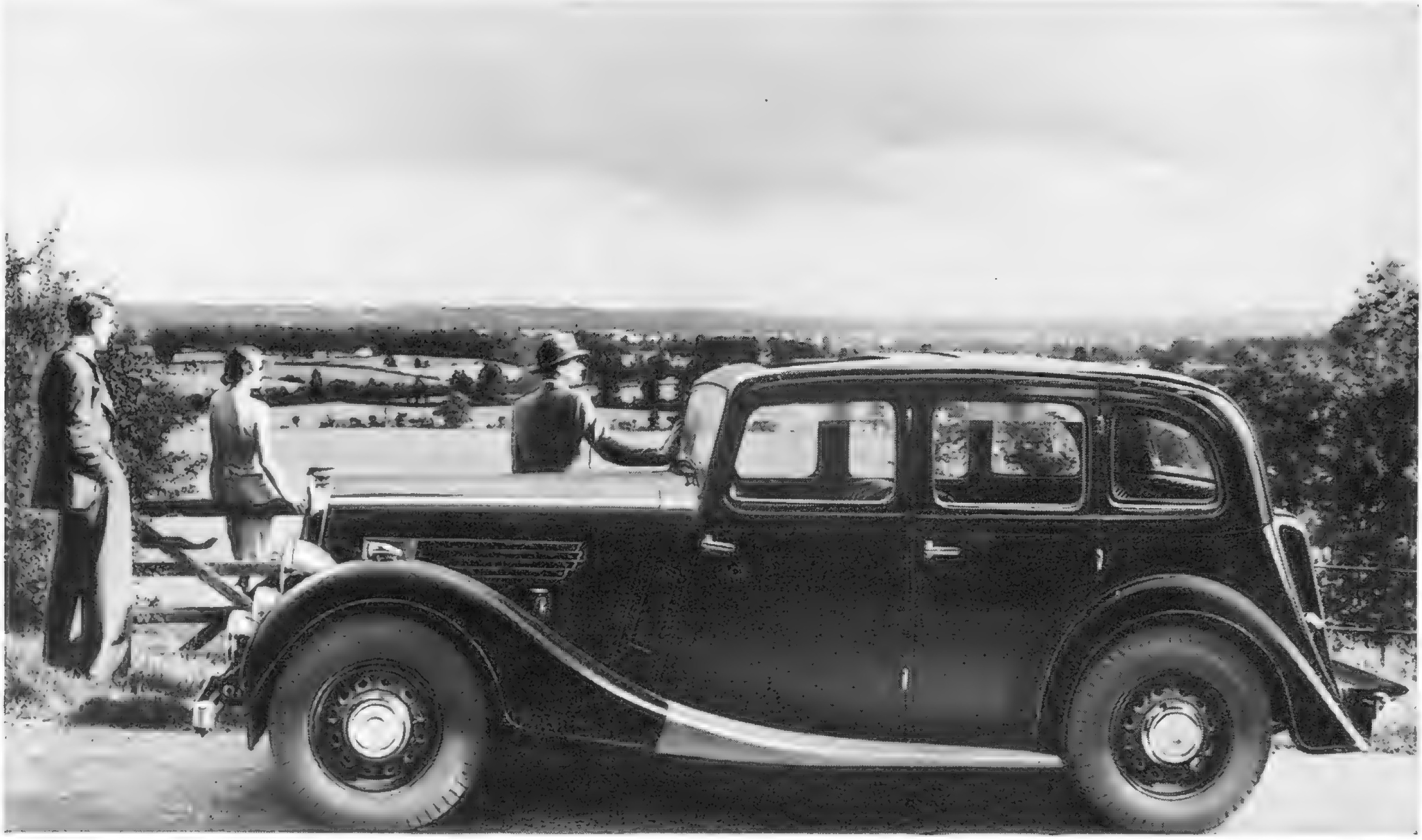
Lost Horizon

To lose sight of the good things of life, to be satisfied with "second best," is not the outlook of your successful man. Know him by his quietly efficient manner, his instinct, his taste in friends, in clothes—yes, and in cars. As like as not, you'll find he owns a Wolseley . . .



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WOLSELEY

THE CAR WITHOUT A DOUBT

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page* 386.)

inevitable that the solution should have a flavour of anti-climax, and I thought it rather unconvincing as well. But we have had a good run for our money. K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

They Seek a Country. By Francis Brett Young. (*Heinemann ; 8s. 6d.*)
Boy in Blue. By Royce Brier. (*The Bodley Head ; 7s. 6d.*)
Summer's End. By Dorothy Black. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 7s. 6d.*)
Hand in Glove. By M. G. Eberhart. (*Collins ; 7s. 6d.*)

Members of private aeroplane clubs, as well as the R.A.F. and the "trade," will find *The Aeroplane* Directory of the Aviation Industry a most useful book. It is the only one of its kind published in Great Britain, and besides addresses of the manufacturers and suppliers of aircraft, aeromotors, raw materials, parts, and accessories, it contains details of civil and R.A.F. aerodromes in Great Britain, with telephone numbers. There are lists of aircraft owners in Great Britain and of air transport companies all over the world, with their services. A pilot will thus find it well worth his while to carry a copy with him on flights, where a forced landing is a possibility. Its cost is 10s. 6d., and it is issued by the Temple Press, of 5-17, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

Those prone to sickness when travelling by sea, land, or air will, no doubt, be interested in Airsea, which, its makers claim, banishes such nausea without having harmful after-effects. It is pointed out, further, that the Airsea treatment, costing 7s. 6d., is sufficient for a lengthy return journey. High-class chemists sell the brand ; and the sole distributors are Thos. Christy and Co., 6-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

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"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created by Keith Winter and Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action ; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety ; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. —Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30. John Van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park).

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—Another thriller by Barré Lyndon ; with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME" (Plaza).—Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in a spectacular romance of the Pennsylvania oil-fields, directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

"EASY LIVING" (Carlton). — Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold in the joyous comedy of a fur coat.

"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—A Jewish comedy from Warsaw, starring Molly Picon.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"FOR YOU ALONE" (Tivoli).—Fine singing by Grace Moore in romantic comedy with Cary Grant.

"LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT" (Regal).—All-star variety "musical" with June Clyde and Buddy Rogers.

"HIS AFFAIR" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Exciting gangster melodrama of 1901, with Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck and Victor McLaglen.

"UNDER THE RED ROBE" (New Gallery).—A lively adaptation of Stanley Weyman's famous novel, starring Conrad Veidt and Annabella.

"STRADIVARIUS" (Curzon).—French romantic drama centred round the history of an old violin.

"WOMAN CHASES MAN" (London Pavilion).—Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in the hilarious comedy of a successful ruse.

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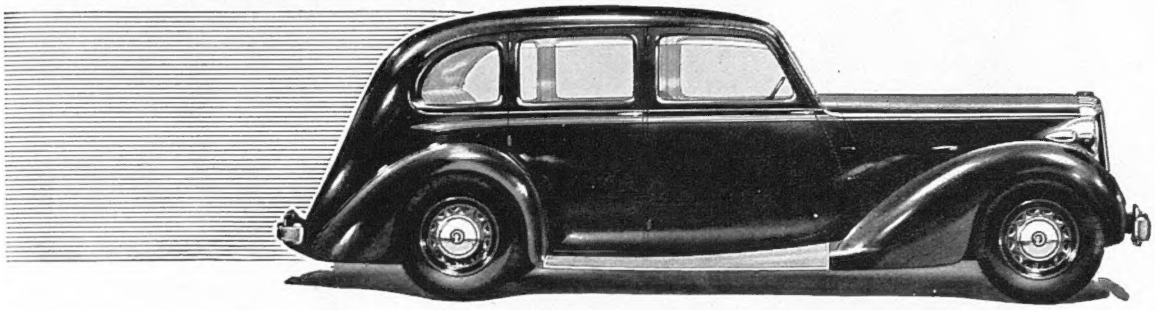

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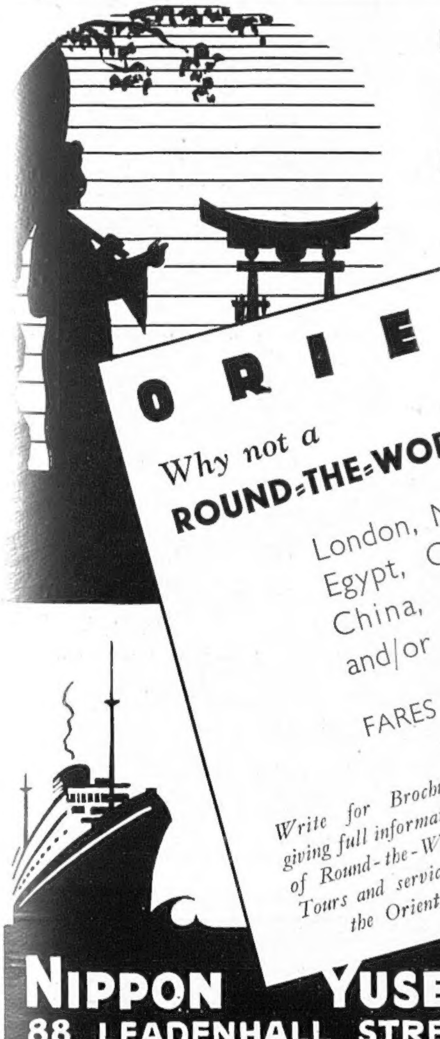

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TWO-SUIT HANDS.

THE general principles of bidding at contract have gone through many phases; some of our most cherished notions have been knocked out—even certain golden rules of a little while ago are now no longer rules at all. To a certain extent, the bidding of a two-suiter is a case in point. We used to be perfectly satisfied with the simple rule, "When holding two biddable suits, bid the more expensive first." This rule was qualified in the case of one suit being *longer* than the other—then bid the long suit first. The rule still holds good, but now there are so many exceptions to it that it might be said that the rule itself is also one of the exceptions—if you know what I mean. If you hold two five-card suits, bid the higher ranking suit first, but remember, it is well to keep the suit with honours as a *side* suit, and to contract for game in the suit with the fewer honours; thus, holding—

Spades—Q, Kn, x, x, x.	But on	Spades—A, Q, 10, x, x.
Hearts—A, K, 10, x, x.		Hearts—K, 10, 9, x, x.
Clubs—A, x.		Clubs—K, x.
Diamonds—x.		Diamonds—x.
bid one spade.		bid one heart.

This, generally speaking, holds good for two four-card suits, but now, unless the rest of the hand is very strong, think ahead, or apply the law of anticipation. Your partner *may* have nothing and the play of the hand *may* go to your opponents; in which case your hand at once becomes a defensive one, and if the opponent on your left is the declarer, you want your partner to open the right suit; so if you find—

Spades—A, 10, 9, 8.	But on	Spades—A, Q, 10, 9.
Hearts—A, K, x, x.		Hearts—A, K, 10, 9.
Clubs—x, x.		Clubs—x, x.
Diamonds—K, x, x.		Diamonds—Q, x, x.
bid one heart.		bid one spade.

For the same reason, still anticipating that the play *may* go to opponent, bid any four-card suit headed by A, K, or K, Q, Kn, before a five-card suit headed only by a queen or knave, ten. This theory of Anticipation is most important—so important that it should be applied to every hand, no matter how strong. The trouble is that in nearly every case those who propound a bidding proposition invariably assume or anticipate that bidder's partner will hold something—often, indeed, not alone *something*, but the very thing that is required to fit the original bid. Only yesterday I was reading the details of a more or less well-known bidding system, and, to prove the excellence of an opening spade bid, the author pointed out that all opener's partner needed was ace, queen, x of spades (trumps), or the equivalent, to ensure game! I certainly agree that you ought to assume, and are entitled to anticipate, *something* in your partner's hand—indeed, it would be ridiculous to start bidding on any other supposition, but, believe me, it is wise also to assume that opponents may have something (which again is a consideration usually omitted from conventional bidding); and so, when you have a two-suiter or equally strong bidding hand, just think a moment what opponents *may* have to say and what your partner *probably* will respond with, and then open the bidding accordingly. I will give a few more examples of bidding two-suit hands next week; in the meantime, here is a "hot weather" double-dummy problem. I call it "hot weather" because all the cards are given in the lowest possible denomination, and this makes the play more difficult than when they are set up in aces and kings—

	Spades—4, 3, 2. Hearts—None. Clubs—Kn. Diamonds—Kn, 10, 3, 2. B	
Spades—5. Hearts—7, 2. Clubs—10, 6, 4. Diamonds—9, 8.	Y Z	Spades—None. Hearts—5, 4. Clubs—8, 5, 3. Diamonds—7, 6, 5.
	A Spades—6. Hearts—6, 3. Clubs—Q, 9, 7, 2. Diamonds—4.	

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make all the tricks.

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